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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Duce has broken out in a new place this week; the storm over Tunis has shifted to Jibuti. The alarming reports on Tuesday of Italian troop movements on the Abyssinian frontier, and of an invasion of French Somaliland, have not been confirmed, and though the French Government have sent out a destroyer and a battalion of Senegalese to reinforce the Jibuti garrison, neither they nor the rest of us believe that the world war is about to start in East Africa. Mussolini's game is pretty clearly to stage a demonstration which may worry France into concessions. The furious campaign in the Fascist press for Tunis, which has fallen flat, is now switched over to Jibuti, and the German press is joining in the hullabaloo. Both in Rome and in Berlin it is hoped that the British Government may be persuaded to play the part of "mediator" when Mr. Chamberlain pays his visit to the Duce. But M. Daladier has learnt some lessons in his dealings with the dictators, and he is not likely to fall for another Munich agreement—at the expense this time of his own country. And, whatever Mr. Chamberlain's private views on the matter may be, we do not believe that he will try to jockey France—or that he would succeed if he did—into "appeasing" Italy with this morsel in the Gulf of Aden.

The United States and Germany

The rebuff administered, on the eve of Christmas, by the Acting Secretary of State to Dr. Thomsen, the German Chargé d'Affaires in Washington, is significant of the rapidity with which official, as well as public, opinion in the United States has hardened against the totalitarian Reich. Dr. Thomsen had been instructed to lodge a verbal protest against the speech delivered recently by Mr. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, criticising Colonel Lindbergh and Henry Ford for accepting decorations "from the hands of a brutal dictator who with the same hands robs and tortures thousands of his fellow humans." Mr. Welles curtly declined to accept the protest, which he described as coming with singular ill-grace from the Reich, and informed Dr. Thomsen that Mr. Ickes had merely voiced the sentiments of the overwhelming mass of the American people—a fact confirmed by the almost universal approval given by the press to Mr. Ickes's blunt address. The U.S. Government has so far failed to obtain any satisfactory assurances that the anti-Jewish Reich decrees will not apply to American citizens of Semitic descent living or doing business in Germany. More than this, the savagery of the German pogroms has moved America more deeply than any incident since the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Though interchange of newspaper and diplomatic discourtesies may leave Nazi withers unwrung, the boycott of German goods in the American

market is a serious matter for the Reich; and there is growing agitation in the United States to press the Government to refuse clearing facilities for the *Europa*, *Bremen* and other German liners sailing to New York.

The Pope Protests

The Pope made a public protest in an address on Christmas Eve against the policy and conduct of the Fascists and Nazis. If his words were not quite so strong as those used by Mr. Ickes in America, they voiced plainly enough the feelings of the Vatican and of the Roman Catholic Church. He spoke bitterly of Hitler's visit to Rome and of the "apotheosis of a cross hostile to the Cross of Christ." He reproached the Fascist Government of Italy for their violation of the Concordat made in 1929. He spoke bitterly of the persecution and robbery of the youth organisations and the "Catholic Action," though they have nothing to do with politics. And he declared, what is obviously true, that these vexations were being encouraged from high quarters. By a grim irony Herr Hess at the same moment in Berlin was thanking God for the blessing of Adolf Hitler, and expressing his conviction that the Führer and the Duce were destined to be the architects of a happier world and to point the way to civilised nations. This, of course, is merely the usual fustian in which the dictatorships dress their designs. And from these designs (which, in the case of Germany at any rate, there is good reason to believe, include a further attack on the Catholic Church) they are not likely to be deflected by any reproaches from the Vatican.

The Battle for Catalonia

On December 23 General Franco launched an offensive on a 70 miles front from Tremp to the junction of the Segre and Ebro rivers. Troops engaged in the attack are reported to number 26 divisions—say 300,000 men—with four highly mechanised Italian divisions acting as shock troops. In the northern sector, the insurgent forces advancing from Tremp towards the upper reaches of the Segre appear to have been held up, with heavy loss. The real weight of the offensive, however, backed by powerful Italian air reinforcements, was directed on the Government positions south of Lerida, with the idea, obviously, of turning the strong Ebro front east of Gandesa. Here Franco claimed, at first, an advance of up to 20 miles in places, and the Government admitted that their lines had been withdrawn at some points. Later, however, the Franco thrust towards Lerida and Tarragona was abruptly checked by Government reinforcements. Fierce fighting continues—with the balance of advantage, so far, difficult to determine.

Japan's Peace Aims

At the beginning of this week the Japanese launched a new series of air raids, the fiercest for many months, over a number of Chinese cities up and down the land. The casualties among civilians and the material destruction are reported to be enormous. Meanwhile the Japanese Cabinet has been discussing a Three Year Industrial Plan, which apparently provides for the control of fifteen important industries and aims at rendering Japan "self-sufficient in an emergency." The emergency is presumably something beyond "the China incident"; it reflects doubtless Japanese anxiety over difficulties that may arise in connection with the Western Powers and with Russia. As for the peace terms which were put out last week by Prince Konoye, the Prime Minister, though they have a specious air of moderation, there is nothing really new in them. China is to recognise Manchukuo; to adhere to the Anti-Comintern Pact; to consent to the stationing of Japanese troops in certain places, and to designate Inner Mongolia as a "special anti-Communist area"; to allow not only freedom of trade for the Japanese in the interior, but "facilities for Japanese development of China's natural resources." Granted these trifles, Japan will seek no territory or indemnities—not even an economic monopoly! Few will believe this last profession, at any rate, and the Chinese are not in the least likely to be deluded into the acceptance of terms which Chiang Kai-shek has already rejected out of hand.

The Fruits of Lima

Mr. Cordell Hull's diplomacy has succeeded in persuading the Lima Conference to build a quite imposing façade of Pan-American solidarity, but it remains to be seen how much solid unity of purpose supports the formal structure. The twenty-one republics have set their names to five resolutions. Of these, the first is a pledge to consult together in the event of any political, economic or cultural threat to the sovereign independence of any member of the conference. The next declares the republics' intention to maintain among themselves liberal trade policies, and a third resolution embodies a promise to eschew racial legislation. Finally, the conference has recommended member Governments to prohibit the exercise in their territories of political rights allegedly conferred by colonists' home Governments, and to arrange for annual meetings of Finance Ministers with a view to promoting stability of inter-American exchange rates. The tone of the declarations is unexceptionable; and President Roosevelt has expressed unqualified satisfaction at the fruits of his Secretary of State's efforts. It is noticeable, however, that nothing has come of the mooted project for the establishment of U.S. naval bases south of Panama in return for the grant of credit facilities for South America's armament programmes. Moreover, the declarations are pious rather than precise; and the "A.B.C." Republics—Argentina, Brazil and Chile—appear to have been emphatic that they must not be asked to do anything calculated to jeopardise their access to the German and Italian markets.

M. Reynaud's Success

Having secured the Chamber's approval—by the narrow margin of seven votes—to the Finance Bill sanctioning his budgetary decrees, M. Paul Reynaud proceeded to brighten the aftermath of Christmas in France by an encouraging broadcast review of the progress of his plans of financial rehabilitation. Capital, he announced, was returning to France: not merely was short-term borrowing by the Treasury thereby eased and cheapened; there had been a marked rise in the Bourse valuation of fixed-interest securities. In consequence, it had proved possible to float a £20,000,000 issue of 4 per cent. Government Bonds in Holland and Switzerland, whose proceeds would enable him to convert or repay all the French railways' foreign indebtedness, now bearing 4½ per cent. to 6½ per cent. interest. So far, so good. At the cost of not a little

fiscal injustice the Finance Minister can claim that he has temporarily solved the budget problem. The solution, however, will not be durable unless an economic expansion can be achieved sufficient to render the burden of additional taxation tolerable. Industrial activity is slowly improving, but there is still great leeway to make up. The motto of the Bourse appears at present to be "Trust Reynaud"; gradually, if there is no further worsening of political relations with Italy, the big industrialists may follow suit.

French Socialists in Conference

The full extent of the division in the French Socialist party was revealed by the final vote at the emergency conference which met during the Christmas holidays to decide the party's attitude to foreign affairs. In spite of efforts behind the scenes to reach a compromise, two motions were tabled by M. Blum and by M. Faure, Secretary-General of the party, respectively. M. Faure in an impassioned speech, denounced rearmament as hopeless, approved the Munich agreement and welcomed an entente with Germany even if this involved the renunciation of the Franco-Soviet Pact and of all French influence in South-East Europe. Against this diehard pacifism, M. Blum, whom no one can accuse of militarism, argued the case for rearmament, and the maintenance of close connections both with Great Britain and with Poland and Russia. His tardy recognition of the disastrous results of non-intervention and of Munich will no doubt please the Communists, but it was followed by a debate which has shown more clearly than ever the division in his own party. Though 4,322 votes were cast against Munich, M. Faure had 2,837 supporters and there were 1,014 abstentions. The voting will provide strong arguments to those of Hitler's advisers who are pressing for renewed action in Central Europe.

The Special Areas in 1938

Sir George Gillett's annual report on the Special Areas dealt largely with the use made of the extended powers conferred on him as Commissioner by the Act of 1937, which authorised him to help with the provision of factories as well as sites. The Trading Estates, he thinks, have proved their value, though the small enterprises which settle on them would need to be multiplied many times over before much impression would be made on the problem of unemployment. Sir George, whose powers have now been renewed for a further year, expresses his apprehension at what would happen if the grants at present made in aid of the maintenance of local health services and such social activities as settlements and clubs were discontinued; and he also stresses the need for continued Government help in the provision of capital for new small-scale enterprises, which would find difficulty in getting finance from the banks or the ordinary capital market. The Special Areas, he points out, shared in the industrial recession of 1938 to a smaller extent than the country as a whole, mainly because of the stimulus given by rearmament to the heavy industries. Between April, 1936 and August, 1938, over £47 millions' worth of orders were placed in the Special Areas by the Service departments. The discontinuance of orders of this type would obviously plunge the Areas back again at once into deep depression. In fact, despite Trading Estates and aid to new enterprises, the problem of localised depression remains unsolved.

A Rent Strike Threatened

From Glasgow, famous for its "Rent Strikes" during and after the war, come fresh threats of trouble over the rent question. Under the Scottish system, rates are levied partly upon the occupier and partly upon the owner, who therefore charges a rent designed to cover his share of the rates. Under rent restriction, house-owners have not been able to pass on their share in rate increases to the tenants; and they are now proposing to increase the rents of all decontrolled houses so as to include the entire owners' rate in the rents charged. This affects about 26,000 houses; and a storm of opposition has been aroused. The Labour majority on the Glasgow City Council is giving its support to the tenants, and a "rent strike" is being organised, on the basis of refusal to pay the additional sums which the landlords are endeavouring to collect. One proposal is that the tenants, instead of paying any rents to their landlords, should pay at the existing rent-level into a fund, to be held by some person—one of the Clyde M.P.s is suggested—as Treasurer pending a settlement of the dispute. The landlords, for their part, want a change in the rating system, so as to transfer the whole rating burden to the tenants. They claim that the backwardness of Scottish housing is partly due to the landlord's liability for a share of the rates; but it is not stated how much they might reduce rents if they were relieved of the burden.

Vandervelde—Sexton—Kapek

Two notable Labour and Socialist figures have been removed by death—Emile Vandervelde, long the leader of Belgian Socialism and President of the Labour and Socialist International, and Sir James Sexton, the former leader of the Merseyside dock workers. Vandervelde, one of the best orators in Europe, made his reputation largely by his part in exposing the Congo atrocities under King Leopold. He was the leading representative of Belgian Socialism in war-time Cabinets, and the principal Belgian delegate at the Peace Conference and again at the time of the Locarno Treaty. He was also a writer and thinker of distinction upon problems of Socialism and democracy, and a notable theoretical antagonist of Communism. He was a minister in the Van Zeeland Governments, until he broke with them over the question of Spain; and his last activity, in which he carried his party with him, was in opposition to M. Spaak's proposal to recognise General Franco's Government. Sexton, who was 82, had an adventurous career. The son of very poor parents, he started work in a glass factory, went to sea as a stowaway, worked as a lumberman in California and also at the goldfields, was shanghaied and served for some time before the mast, and then settled down at Liverpool as a dock labourer, suffering soon after this an accident which disfigured him for life. He was the chief architect of the National Union of Dock Labourers, now merged in the T. and G.W.; one of the founders of the I.L.P. and Labour M.P. for St. Helens from 1918 to 1931. Karl Kapek's death also is widely mourned. Kapek was not a Socialist; but he was a staunch upholder of freedom, and his plays and his books were inspired by a passion for humanity and peace.

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HALF-WAY ANDERSON

WHAT odds, is it to be supposed, would be laid by the British Cabinet against the possibility that the year now ending will prove to be the last year for this country of the precarious post-1918 peace? Or, if a wager be deemed unseemly on the part of that august body of statesmen, what premium would they require to underwrite the risk of general European war in 1939? The question is prompted by the perplexing character of the announcement on air raid shelters with which Sir John Anderson regaled the Commons as they prepared to disperse for Christmas. For, save on the unthinkable hypothesis that the Lord Privy Seal is certifiably insane, the policy of civilian defence which he enunciated is intelligible only on the assumption that there is serious reason to expect war within the next few months, and that there is no time to do more than improvise a few admittedly imperfect precautions. Yet, if this be the supposition, how reconcile with it the Government's firm refusal to adopt any measures which would interfere appreciably with a demoplutocracy's normal way of life? The leisurely tempo of rearmament, against which Ministers' own lieutenants have openly revolted, the decision not to establish a Ministry of Supply, the reluctance to depart from the voluntary principle in recruitment of personnel or even to institute a compulsory register of the population for mobilisation purposes—all these negations on the part of a "patriotic" Tory administration are inexplicable unless the Cabinet is confident that there is no imminent danger of war. But, in that case, what justification is there for air raid shelter schemes which even their author could defend only on the ground that they were quick, "interim" devices? The riddle of illogicality defies solution.

The basic principle of the plans announced last week by Sir John Anderson is simple and, in itself, arguably sound: so far as possible, protection from unexpected air raids should be provided *in situ*, thus obviating presentation to the enemy of such a vulnerable target as streets crowded with civilians scurrying to shelters remote from their homes or places of employment. Accordingly, legislation is shortly to be introduced requiring employers to provide their workpeople with what is to be defined as "reasonable protection" from the high-explosive bomb. For citizens caught by an air raid in the streets, local authorities—with the aid of the graded 60-75 per cent. Treasury grant under the 1937 A.R.P. Act—will be expected to provide communal shelters, in the form of trenches, "strengthened" warehouse basements or, if the municipalities can afford it, underground car parks. The household, however, is the subject of the Government's most vigorous attentions. At an estimated cost of £20,000,000, the State is to become a universal provider of steel plates—to the unalloyed satisfaction of the Iron and Steel Federation. For houses or tenements with basements a standardised fitting will be supplied on request, consisting of light steel sheeting to be fastened to the ceiling joists, together with steel supports to carry the weight of the ceiling thus reinforced. For householders without basements a solicitous Government will deliver the material to construct, without need of technical skill or professional assistance, a steel shelter which is to be placed up against the outer wall of the dwelling, sunk about two feet in the ground, and proof not merely against blast and splinters, but also against gas. By these methods it is hoped to protect nearly 20,000,000 people, some of whom will be expected to pay for the installation costs of their fortified basement or armour-plated kennel, while others will have the whole work done for them by the State. The means test for this purpose has not yet been devised.

It would be ungracious to look in the mouth this gift horse of two million tons, or thereabouts, of steel. True, the "strengthened" basement proved in Barcelona to be so dangerous that recourse to its use has been vetoed by the authorities; and the buried occupants of a "gas-proof" steel shelter, hugging a perilously collapsible brick house, might be pardoned if they questioned the merits of their protection. Viscount Wolmer wanted to know why Britain could not afford the deep-dug shelters of reinforced concrete which have proved efficacious in Spain. But then, Lord Wolmer is chairman of the Cement Manufacturers' Association and, as Sir John Anderson wittily observed, one "cannot just take bags of cement and wave a wand over them and produce shelters." On the other hand one can sustain the profitability of the politically influential steel industry by immense orders for plates, and one can hope to fool some of the people, some of the time, into the belief that governmental energy has been displayed and that adequate protection has been painlessly provided. His Department, declared Sir John, was engaged in no ephemeral activity; his shelters, like his other A.R.P. schemes, would become a permanent feature of our national life. But that life must not become troglodytic; a steel cellar ceiling or a steel lean-to in the back-yard were the maximum modifications in the Englishman's home which appeared at the moment to be necessary and could be provided without undue delay.

Thus we are brought back to our initial questions. What measure of delay in completing some sort of protection (if it be only against stray anti-aircraft shell splinters) would be dangerous? Does the Government rate the risk of imminent war so high that there is no time to construct, as a "permanent feature," the deep shelters which constructional engineers unanimously pronounce to be the only effective defence in bombed areas? Is so little confidence reposed in the chances of "appeasement" that public morale must be stiffened by one more rapidly concocted dose of make-believe precautions? Admittedly we have progressed from the nonsense of the gas-proof room. Though the Lord Privy Seal announced, in a phrase deserving immortality, that "if the risk of gas attack seems less than it did, this may be due to the thoroughness of our preparations," it is consoling to discover that the Government is at last alive to the existence of the high-explosive bomb. But, granted this awakening, the position now reached is still a curiously inconsistent half-way house.

If war comes and London and other congested cities are bombed from the air, it will be necessary, in order to minimise casualties, for the whole of the non-essential population to be evacuated and for deep shelters to be provided as far as possible for those who are required to remain at work or in defence services within the vulnerable area. This is tacitly admitted by Sir John Anderson, whose main argument—apart from the time factor—against proceeding with the construction of bomb-proof shelters is, that they would represent waste of effort if

the people for whose protection they were intended had been evacuated. The proposed splinter-proof shelters will not, apparently, be wasted. They, to be sure, will be movable, so that, even if the absence of a register of the population involves chaotic evacuation arrangements in emergency, a makeshift compromise between nerve-trying defencelessness and real protection can be improvised for those who elect, or are ordered, to stay where bombs are likely to fall. If the Government has no hope of averting war beyond next summer, Sir John Anderson's "short-term" plans may be all that can be contrived, so far as shelter goes, within the time-limit available. But, if that is the plea, is it right to encourage the nation to go about its business "as usual," without much more immediate effort to mobilise its resources for defence?

CAN DEMOCRACY BE EFFICIENT?

[This is the first of a series of Conversations on Democracy and Efficiency. The views of Mr. Herbert Morrison are set out below. In successive weeks we shall publish those of Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. J. M. Keynes and others to be announced later.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Kingsley Martin.—I think you will agree that criticism of democracy in this country has taken a new form. It has always had its Conservative critics. To-day, many who regard themselves as enthusiastic democrats are asking whether our institutions are adequate to the present situation.

I have decided to ask one or two people with experience of big executive positions whether they think that our democratic institutions are equal to the strain imposed upon them and what adjustments they think necessary.

Let me begin by asking you, Mr. Morrison, whether you feel that democracy as we know it to-day can cope with our present problems?

Mr. Herbert Morrison.—There is nothing fundamentally wrong with democratic institutions. By that I mean institutions that are ultimately accountable to the public and more immediately accountable to elected authorities.

To test democracy by the past seven years of "National" Government is absurd. This Government has no genuine belief in democracy. Governments of the Right cannot live with a real democracy. On vital issues of foreign affairs and national defence, Ministers—including the soft-spoken Baldwin—have deliberately misled the country or kept it in ignorance. Their electioneering is electioneering by trickery and not by reason. They take no part in the real political and economic education of the country, because, unlike men and women of the Left who are real democrats, they do not seek the social and economic freedom of the people. People whose main purpose in politics is to maintain the privileges of the well-to-do and to keep the masses in a position of economic subjection cannot be real democrats. That is a vital consideration to remember, just as vital as personal considerations.

In the light of experience, a fair amount of which has been spent in power in one way or another, I do not believe that slowness and inefficiency are inherent in the democratic institutions themselves. The fault is with the aims and personalities of the people who are in charge, and to a certain extent with the procedure within the public authorities. Democratic procedure can be expeditious and, if the men in charge are real democrats of the Left and are capable of decision and willing to take the responsibility of decision, representative government can be efficient—more efficient than dictatorship.

K. M.—When you say "capable of decision," do you suggest that those in charge have not been capable because of lack of sense of direction, or because of too great a political longevity, or because of something within our society which prevents them taking steps that are required by our needs?

H. M.—The answer to all three is in the affirmative, though there are other factors to be considered.

There are a number of people in politics who find it extremely difficult to make clean-cut decisions. They get knocked over by facts they do not expect; they wish to be guided by preconceived theoretical views, irrespective of facts, or temperamentally they hate coming to any decision at all. Such people ought not to be in government.

There are others who, owing to what you call political longevity, find it physically irksome to be decisive in administration; or they allow their minds to be occupied in the main with memories of their earlier days in the 80's or 90's of the last century.

The last point you mention is how far the expeditious conduct of public business is affected by the nature of capitalist society. This is determined in large measure by the balance between the political power of the Government of the day, not only in relation to its hold over public opinion, but as against the resisting power of private interests and *their* hold over public opinion. There is much to be said when you are legislating about an industry or a financial institution for consulting with the people engaged in that industry or institution. The amount of time it takes will depend largely upon the Government and the Minister in charge of the business, but it may well pay because if the industry is not consulted early on more time may be lost in the parliamentary stages. One of the biggest factors must be the capacity of the Minister to impress the "interests" with the fact that for this purpose he *is* the Government; that he means business; and also that he is reasonable. His "pull" is largely determined by the extent to which he commands the respect of public opinion.

If public opinion believes that the Minister or Government is efficient, reasonable, and acting in the public interest, the vested interests will be at a disadvantage. Obviously, however, all these things will be infinitely simpler in a Socialist society, when the nation is master of its economic resources and there are no longer capitalist interests surviving with which either negotiations or fighting must take place. That is why a Labour Government should push on with socialisation.

K. M.—How far is the slowness of democracy due to a parliamentary procedure originally designed to safeguard, when safeguards were erected, the interests of minorities, in particular of property minorities?

H. M.—Almost every phase of parliamentary procedure has a historical reason—usually a sound one at the time of its inception. But Parliament can make its own standing orders and determine its own procedure. I see no reason why the legislative machine should not be substantially speeded up, whilst at the same time retaining the essentials of public accountability and parliamentary control over principles and finance. I think the proposals for speeding up parliamentary procedure made by the Labour Party Executive a couple of years or so ago were substantially sound.

K. M.—You do not then agree with the *Times* when it said the other day that in such times as these all Parliament could expect to do was to meet and register approval of a decision already made by the Prime Minister, nor, I take it, do you agree with Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion that criticism of his foreign policy was "to foul one's own nest," and that the absence of such criticism was an advantage of the totalitarian States?

H. M.—No, I do not. Obviously in international negotiations any Government must negotiate as a responsible power, but it ought before it negotiates to have informed Parliament and the nation of its general frame of mind; to have taken account of parliamentary and public criticisms; and to have estimated public opinion.

The complaint we have against Mr. Chamberlain is that he has never taken Parliament or the country frankly into his confidence as to his foreign policy. He has indeed steadily refused to answer important and relevant questions put by the Opposition. He proceeded with his negotiations without Parliament or the nation knowing what he was getting at and then presented Parliament with a *fait accompli* which even then he did not justify in relation to any well-considered and

publicly known foreign policy. He has indeed treated Parliament and the public with contempt.

Or again, as an illustration of how not to do things, take Air Raid Precautions. The subject has been before this Government for seven years, yet when the crisis of September came there were outstanding important issues of policy which had not been settled in the minds of Ministers and, of course, nothing had been done about them. The whole administration was inadequate, inefficient and ineffective. Every informed person knew it, and so, of course, did the Governments of potential enemy Powers. Yet the two men mainly responsible —Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare—constituted 50 per cent. of the inner Cabinet, and the Prime Minister, who has been a member of Governments continuously since 1931 and carries a big responsibility, was the man who dominated the inner Cabinet.

Such a situation is much too serious for anyone to rejoice about because he can use it effectively in party political debate; it is terribly serious for a country of which we are a part, and what is more, it is this kind of thing which is discrediting the democratic system.

I do not accept the view that the dictators have a permanent advantage because they do not need to consult Parliaments. If ever a dictator gets to the point of really becoming involved in a first-class war, he is in a position of great peril and uncertainty as to the reactions of his public opinion and his armed population. There is doubt whether Hitler, for example, seriously meant to go to war in the recent crisis. There is much reason for thinking that the gamble for him would have been of the gravest character.

On questions of peace and war, both systems may have their advantages and disadvantages, but I think the dictatorships are at the more disadvantage and have probably less staying power.

K. M.—Surveying post-war statesmanship in the democracies, who would you say came nearest to achieving the ideal of a successful "leadership" which did not infringe on the essential ideas of democracy? Lloyd George? MacDonald? Roosevelt? Baldwin?

H. M.—I think that the two who come nearest to filling the bill are Lloyd George and Roosevelt. Lloyd George in the war period was superior to all his colleagues, with the possible exception of Winston Churchill, for rapid decision, but I think Lloyd George had a sounder hunch about public opinion than Winston Churchill. But do not forget that running a war is a totally different operation from running a peace-time society. Running a war has more relationship to the running of a bloody revolution than has the vast adventure of transforming a capitalist society into a Socialist society.

Lloyd George undoubtedly had knowledge, drive and decision, but he had no need to concern himself over-much about either finance or practical administrative considerations, or the resistance, constitutional or otherwise, of powerful minorities, which he would certainly have had to take into account in days of peace. He said, "Do things," and they were done.

Roosevelt also undoubtedly has drive and that capacity to estimate public opinion which is a good democratic quality in a statesman and a valuable political asset. The United States is the most difficult country in the world upon which to impose a national political leadership. Roosevelt has succeeded to a remarkable extent. He is human; he knows his public; he is a good broadcaster; he is, I believe, a genuine democrat who thinks of his people in everything he is doing. I regard him as one of the greatest politicians, and perhaps the greatest man of action that world politics has thrown up in modern times. And it must be remembered that the American system of public administration is not as good as ours. But we know that Roosevelt has ranged against him in bitter hostility some very powerful interests: the ultimate issue between his policies and theirs is very far from being decided.

MacDonald was accused by some of being a dictator when he was Prime Minister. My own experience of him was the reverse. Generally speaking, Mr. MacDonald did not concern himself enough with the work of the departments, except perhaps the Foreign Office. He did not even make up his mind as to what should go into and what should be left out of the King's Speech. MacDonald did not keep his hand on the programme or on the departments as much as he should have done. The Prime Minister has a duty to keep the team and the programme together.

What I regard as defects in Mr. MacDonald are still more emphasised in the case of Mr. Baldwin. There was, however, this difference. I know that MacDonald worried a good deal; often, however, about things that were not worth worrying about. Baldwin, on the other hand, probably worried too little. He was too easy-going. He was content with living up, as he did, to his reputation of God's good Englishman; and this undoubtedly earned him the affection of the nation. But he woefully refrained from manfully facing up to problems that cried aloud for courageous handling. For example, his Government was at the same time moving away from the policies of peace and was refraining from that rearmament which was the logical consequence of moving away from the peace policy. He has left it on record that he did not rearm because he was afraid of the electorate, which he distrusted. We must remember, however, that Baldwin was a Conservative Prime Minister. He did not want change. The defects in Mr. Baldwin, therefore, judged by Conservative political policy, were much less serious than the defects of Mr. MacDonald, judged by the standards of a Socialist Party, the purpose of which, it must not be forgotten, is peacefully and constructively to change the structure of society.

K. M.—Many people hold that democracy fails, not only as a national institution, but in its internal working in the Party system. This in the Tory Party is not perhaps so important because, as you say, the job of a Tory Prime Minister is to keep things as quiet as possible. Given a Socialist Government, would there be radical changes you would wish to see made in the Party itself? What do you think of the remark that the price of liberty is eternal committees?

H. M.—That is important and there are two things to be said about it. One is that given sound, clear and imaginative leadership, the party will not be ungenerous in giving its leader that wide measure of authority without which efficiency and speedy government are impossible.

As to committees, I think that an excess of the committee habit is likely not to be the price of liberty, but the cause of tyranny. Too many committees slow down the machinery of government, and that may precipitate loss of faith in democracy. Committees are needed to work out policy and to settle the principles of party administration, but there is often a sort of worship of committees as such, as if they were the sole guardians of democratic control. It must not be forgotten that committees do not do things. Things have to be done in offices and by Parliament. If committees are on top of the executive administration from morning till night the executive will lose its initiative and nerve.

It must be remembered that Ministers, especially Socialist Ministers, are bound to lead a strenuous life. They should only be called upon to go to a few committees for which adequate documentary preparation has been made; the habit of having committee after committee to discuss questions on which the relevant information is not already prepared wears out both the members and the officials and chokes the whole machine. Moreover, a Government that wishes to get things done cannot perpetually fall back on the expedient of committees for the purpose of ascertaining public opinion.

Public opinion expects action, leadership, courage. It will respond to these qualities. It is the business of a politician to have a "hunch" about public opinion. If he always needs a committee to tell him what public opinion is it is a sign that he is not fit for his job.

Public opinion cannot and ought not to be ignored, but we must not be cowardly with public opinion. We must

not be needlessly afraid of it. If you are honest with the public, reasonable with it, give it the facts about a case, tell it why you are taking a certain line, the public will respond, even sometimes when at first sight you may feel that public opinion is against you. If sound public policy is subordinated to a narrow desire to get votes, it is quite likely that you will lose public respect and not get the votes. The public expects leaders to lead and not to spend all their time trying to count heads—in all probability counting them wrongly.

A LONDON DIARY

[The article by Mr. E. M. Forster, which we announced would appear in place of the Diary in this issue, has been unavoidably postponed till next week.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

"Seasonable weather" is really seasonable at Christmastime because, like other occasional discomforts, it thaws our habitual reserve. Neighbours, whom I have greeted for years with an awkward and half-hearted grin, welcomed me last week as an old friend of the family. When the pipes froze up, they gathered round to give advice, and when my car skidded on the slide which the children had made down the middle of our side street, they helped to disentangle the bumper from the lamp-post which it had firmly embraced. People have indeed been almost as friendly in the snow as they were in the Crisis or in the General Strike. Though the weather has been terribly hard on the shops and the postmen and on the workers in the building trade (where there is still no adequate recognition of wet-time), it has given the railways an unexpected square deal, and the children a perfect Christmas. Naturally our local authorities cannot be equipped to deal properly with heavy snowfalls in urban areas. These last 10 days must have cost some of them almost as much as the Emergency cost last September. Just one dose of grit for the streets of largish towns costs £200.

* * *

In spite of this most of us, I fancy, enjoyed the Christmas a lot more than usual. Is not this largely because in wintry conditions the actual work of living becomes so much more of a family affair? In order to exist, you must get the Christmas spirit, if your house is not constructed for really cold weather. I spent Christmas in the suburbs of a Midland town, and it was fascinating to watch each family digging itself out in the mornings. The children's pet rabbits and mice had to be brought in from the garage and kept warm in the kitchen, and I spent some pleasant and laborious hours collecting the snow which had blown under the tiles into the attic and letting it down in buckets through a trapdoor into the bedroom below. "This is the first real Christmas I've had," said my nephew, aged eight, who was waiting to receive them. "You grown ups have got to take it seriously this year."

* * *

The cold weather has also helped the collections for the refugees and for Spain by reminding people what winter means in Central Europe and among the Spanish mountains. I took part in a collection one day and soon had a car laden with tins of milk and with every variety of food. The readiest givers were as usual the poorest. In the respectable houses I too often met with the response "charity begins at home," and could not help wondering whether the people who talk that way do really spend the money which they refuse to Spanish relief on the needy in their own towns. But my chief thought was about Germany, where I spent one Christmas during the slump in 1930. No other nation has learnt the knack of making Christmas a jolly time and yet keeping it a family festival. The Prince Consort imported the trimmings of the German Christmas, but the essence seemed to have been lost in the transfer. Certainly I shall never forget Christmas Eve on the Römerplatz in Frankfurt, with the fair and the *Lebkuchen* and the brilliantly lit Crèche high up on the roof of the church; and then at home afterwards the solemn moment when we filed into the living room and stood round the tree singing *Heilige Nacht*, which must be the best carol ever written. In those bad democratic days, politics stopped at Christmas and Germany became not a state but a collection of families, and, because the Germans are bad at politics and good at family life, they were the best days in the year. But all that has been abolished by the Nazis, as I was reminded when I switched on the wireless and heard Rudolf Hess giving his Christmas message, a dreary political speech on the usual model. No Christmas truce for the Germans in this year of peace 1938, and the family with which I stayed has been broken up, the old man's office sacked and his son-in-law thrown into prison. It was a grim Christmas for the German Jews. But many Aryans, too, dutifully listening to Hess, must have sighed for the days when private life was not *verboten* and the family could still enjoy Christmas without politics.

* * *

I have here a bundle of petitions sent from Abyssinia for the use and information of the League of Nations. They are signed by representative chieftains of the provinces of Semien and Wollo, Beguemeder, Wag and Lasta, Godjam, and Shoa. They all tell the same story. They declare their loyalty to the Conquering Lion of Judah; they assure him that his subjects are resisting and will continue to resist the Italians, and pray that he succeeds in obtaining help for them from the League. They protest in the finest Old Testament phraseology their loyalty in God and the Emperor. Here is one that begins:

> I pray that my Creator who delivered Jonah from the belly of the whale may bring you back from across the sea to Ethiopia, and that in preserving us, who are in anguish and tribulation, He may make us worthy to gaze upon your eyes and to kiss your shoes of gold again.

Enclosed are letters that have passed between the Italian authorities and the recalcitrant chiefs. Leaflets dropped from Italian aeroplanes assure them that if they give up their arms and submit, no harm will be done them. They reply that they believed that at first but have had so many examples of bad faith and cruelty from the Italians that they take no notice of these blandishments:

> As you have continued to inflict upon us death without judgment and punishment where there has been no offence, we, the people of Ethiopia, have decided to rise up against you.

They describe for the benefit of their Emperor their guerilla exploits, their successes in cutting off Italian outposts, but the difficulty of defeating a heavily armed enemy when they are themselves cut off from munitions. I have also seen letters captured from Italian officers by the Ethiopians. They tell a story of Italian outposts, weary of constant guard in isolated posts amid a hostile population. "We are completely isolated and cannot move because we are on guard day and night" . . . "Here to our faces the people appear to submit, but directly they get behind our backs they shoot at us." Here is another extract from Guich Abbai: "Leave the fort? There is no question of that: the smallest number that can go out is a company, for hygiene is hygiene but bullets are bullets." It is clear that Abyssinia is still far from conquered—a fact that Mr. Chamberlain might well have in mind when he goes to Rome.

* * *

The Duchess of Atholl lost a gallant fight. The snow told against her; the official Conservative organisation had the advantage in numbers of cars available on polling day, and Mr. Snadden's supporters were the less scattered element in the constituency. But there was more than this in the Independent candidate's defeat. There seems to be little doubt that large numbers of Liberals—"thrawn bodies" set in party allegiance—were disgruntled by Mrs. Macdonald's withdrawal and abstained from voting, even though they shared the Duchess's disapproval of Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy. Furthermore, Perthshire is a county of long-lived feuds and jealousies. The 10,000 votes which the Liberal candidate mustered at the 1935 election probably

included a fair number of anti-Atholl Tories, who at this by-election plumped with unanimity for the official Conservative.

* * *

Among my Christmas reading has been *The Health of the School Child*, the annual report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education. This report (for 1937), like its predecessors for several years past, is an encouraging record of progress. We have indeed moved far, in the care bestowed by the State on the millions of children of the working class, from the days when Mrs. Browning wrote :

> " It is good when it happens," say the children,
> " That we die before our time."

But Sir Arthur MacNalty does not quote those lines and other grim accounts of the bad old times merely to ask us to congratulate him and ourselves. He gives plenty of facts and figures which show how much needs to be done before we can say all is well. To take but one or two examples, many more open air schools and many more nursery schools are wanted ; the dentistry service, advancing though it is, is still unsatisfactory ; and of course there is the urgent problem of nutrition. Everyone knows that there are myriads of children not getting milk at school who ought to get it, and many more for whom the normal allowance of one-third of a pint per day is not enough. It is good to learn, by the way, that a double allowance is often prescribed by the school doctors when they think it would be beneficial, and also that increased attention is being given to the provision of milk in the holidays. On the other hand, there is a difficulty, paradoxical as it sounds, in getting a supply of milk in some of the rural schools. And, worse still, there are " large county areas, some including special areas, where the only free meals provided are milk." Milk, as Sir Arthur MacNalty says, " is not by itself sufficient to build up the necessitous child to a reasonable average and so to prevent a considerable proportion of ' C ' nutrition in areas where there is considerable poverty or unemployment." I notice, too, that the Report has a word of criticism for those education authorities whose idea of a dinner for the school children is confined to " a monotony of hash, stew and soup." And in another passage there are some sound remarks about other factors on which good nutrition depends besides the food itself—including fresh air, exercise, proper housing conditions, and, above all, sleep.

* * *

A correspondent sends me the following statistics. Every year 3,000,000 dog licences are taken out in the United Kingdom. This means that of the 45,000,000 men, women, children and infants, every fifteenth person possesses a dog ; and, since the direct and indirect cost of maintaining a dog is something over £8 per annum, our dogs cost us about £25,000,000 a year. Now £25,000,000 a year would pay the interest and sinking fund on £500,000,000, and this sum would be sufficient to rebuild all the slums that are scheduled to be cleared. I suppose I ought to be impressed by this portentous wastage of our national income. But like most people in this country I suspect statistics and like dogs.

POLYCRITIC

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

IT is common knowledge that on the morrow of the Franco-British surrender at Munich, Nazi Germany launched an immense new economic offensive in Southern and Eastern Europe. The road having been made clear by the conquest of Czechoslovakia, it became possible not only to annex large resources of raw materials and productive power in the Sudeten areas, but also to contemplate a German economico-political hegemony extending to the borders of Russia, to the Mediterranean and to the Black Sea—even apart from the possibility of a further drive to the East at a later stage. If this hegemony could be brought about, in its economic aspects, the entire situation of Nazi Germany could be transformed, not only in relation to actual war, but also under conditions of peace. In war, given a little time in which to make the requisite transformations, the Nazis would no longer have much to fear from a blockade of their Baltic and Atlantic ports ; and in peace they would be able largely to dispense with imports from overseas countries which have an inconvenient habit of demanding payment for goods supplied. The Four Year Plan, given this economic hegemony, could be drastically revised. It could become a plan, no longer for a purely German *Autarkie*, but for a systematic development of the resources of half the European continent west of the Soviet Union.

Of course, not even the most successful trade drive that could be imagined could realise all these advantages at once. For the securing of some of them would involve considerable changes in the productive economies of the countries over which the Nazis want to establish their leadership. These countries would have to be persuaded, within the limits set by their natural resources, to produce the things Germany wanted, even when these were not the things they had been accustomed to produce. To make this change would involve considerable capital investment, especially in the extractive industries ; for the large mineral resources of South-Eastern Europe are still mainly undeveloped. Germany would have to supply this capital, unless the financiers of the democratic countries could be induced to supply it in Germany's interest, and to the disadvantage of the industries of their own countries. Even if the capital were forthcoming, from German or other sources, this process of development would be bound to take time. Still, the immediate gains, based on the existing productive capacity of the countries concerned, would be great, even apart from further gains in prospect. The hearts of the Nazi planners were uplifted as they contemplated the economic opportunities opened up by the Munich capitulation.

The problem, however, had its difficulties. Could the countries of South-Eastern Europe, even if they were dazzled by German political prestige, be induced to place their resources at the disposal of the Nazi economic *Führer* ? Germany, on her world record in recent years, was a rotten payer ; and any country that could find adequate markets for its goods elsewhere, with a prospect of being paid for them in solid money, was likely to prefer these alternative customers. It was, however, a pertinent consideration that, if Germany had shown herself a bad payer, other countries had shown themselves bad buyers. The Germans would take goods from South-Eastern Europe almost without limit ; for they needed most just the types of goods which the South-Eastern countries could supply—from cereals, livestock and leather to cotton, oil, fats, and a wide range of metallic ores. The question was—would Germany pay, and, if so, in what form ?

The countries concerned are by no means without experience of German methods of payment ; for they are already sending to Germany a substantial fraction of their exports. Bulgaria, Turkey, Jugoslavia, and Greece all sent to Germany in 1937 from one-third to a half of their total exports, and Rumania well over a quarter. In return, these countries have had plenty of experience of blocked marks, barter agreements for exchanges in kind, trade negotiations with Dr. Schacht and his satellites and successors. They are fully aware of the disadvantages of selling, even at apparently high prices, if the sums received cannot be expended freely in buying what they want, or, in many cases, spent at all, except on such surplus goods as the Germans are prepared to supply. They all know the superiority of sterling or dollars over blocked marks, and realise the importance of retaining the freedom to sell a considerable fraction of their exports to countries which will make payments in money that can be freely spent. But—they need markets ; and they can ill afford to reject offers which will yield their peasant producers high prices, and then spread the exchange loss over the rest of the population.

The Germans, for their part, are fully alive to the difficulties of the South-Eastern countries. Their line hitherto has been

to offer high prices in marks, and also by propaganda to induce the local producers both to lend a favourable ear to their offers and, where necessary, to adapt their production to German needs. If the price is high, the real cost can be reduced when the barter transaction is completed by the purchase of German goods. For these goods can be priced up, in the particular market concerned, so as to restore the terms of trade to a ratio favourable to Germany. Moreover, if the South-Eastern producers can once be induced to stop thinking of other customers, and to adapt their output to the German market, it will be a relatively simple matter to reduce the price in marks when the agreement falls due for renewal. For some time past, under the barter arrangements now in force, Germany has been buying with blocked marks goods she does not really need, and reselling them on the world market in order to obtain supplies of free exchange for purchases from countries which will not trade with her on barter terms. The Nazis would like now to push this policy a great deal further, aided by their added prestige since Munich.

The extreme case so far is the German offer to Bulgaria, to purchase all Bulgaria's exports in return for German goods, at prices fixed ahead over a period of years. If this were accepted, Bulgaria would have no means at all of buying anything except from Germany. So extreme a measure can hardly be accepted; but, short of it, there is much that can be done. Germany's plans involve not merely an exchange of South-East European foodstuffs and raw materials for German consumers' goods, but also that German payments should take the form to a substantial extent of capital plant for the development of these industrially backward countries—of course, on lines that fit in with German notions and requirements. Such offers may well attract the financial groups interested in economic developments in the countries concerned, just as an assured market attracts the peasant producer. Accordingly, the German pull is strong, despite the disadvantages of the forms of payment proposed. It will be strong enough, in all probability, to push barter arrangements a good deal further than they have gone already.

What is the appropriate answer, so far as Great Britain and France are concerned? In the past the approved method of enlisting the support of the more backward States has been to lend them money, both for State purposes and for economic development. But this method has of late been singularly ineffective against the German drive. French loans have not prevented countries from passing within the German sphere of influence, or ensured the spending of the loan money on the products of the countries which have supplied it. Loans, of the traditional type, would be likely now to be used chiefly for buying German machinery to develop industries which would then be applied to meeting German requirements, or even, indirectly, in supplying Germany with the loans which she cannot secure on her own behalf.

There is much more to be said in favour of extending British purchases of the products of South-Eastern Europe—especially Rumanian oil, and Rumanian and Hungarian wheat and other foodstuffs. Something along this line has already been done; and it is obviously the best way of stopping a monopolistic development of the barter system. But the countries of South-Eastern Europe are at present, and have been in the past, mostly very poor customers of the British export trader: so that purchases of this sort are apt to involve payment in sterling, and not to any appreciable extent in British goods. Nor will it be easy to induce British exporters to supply goods suitable for the South-East European market, at prices which the buyers there will be ready to pay. Accordingly, it is not a simple matter to make purchases in these countries on a sufficient scale to counteract the German drive. Great Britain, after all, never has occupied a leading position in these markets; and she hardly can.

We must expect, then, that the German drive will meet with a good deal of success. Our tariff arrangements inevitably tend to a concentration of British exports to an increasing extent upon empire markets; and to the degree to which we pursue *Autarkie* within the British Empire we must expect to be hampered in checking the growth of imperialistic groupings elsewhere. The Germans, to be sure, go a long way further than we have ever attempted to go, or than we could go, even if Lord Beaverbrook were made dictator. But they are in a position to go further, since the Franco-British resistance crumbled at Munich; and we cannot stop them, but only check them from going as far as they would like.

That we can still check German economic ambitions is beyond doubt. Such countries as Rumania have no wish to become mere colonial territories of Germany's economic empire. They will resist, as far as they are able, absorption into the German economic system; and we can help them to resist. The vital reason for our helping them is not that we stand to lose trade (though we do, to a limited extent), but rather that every increase in Germany's economic hold on South-Eastern Europe—above all, on Rumanian oil—makes her stronger for aggressive war.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to "Ajax."

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

SAFETY FIRST.

I always type my love-letters in triplicate. One copy goes to the original addressee, the second into my private file, and the third to my solicitor. This system has saved me endless embarrassment and expense.—Letter in *Daily Mail*.

Nothing, and no one, on this earth can ever repay Mr. Chamberlain. A title or an offer of great wealth would be a mockery. He is above all earthly human beings. His recompense can only come from Heaven. Those who for party politics and other reasons, try to muck him up, deserve the worst possible punishment imaginable.—Letter in *Bolton Evening News*.

A thousand casualties would be preferable rather than that Westminster Abbey should share the fate of Rheims Cathedral.—Letter in *Middlesex County Times*.

No doubt our diplomacy has given as well as received some concessions in the interests of peace.—Mr. Malcolm MacDonald reported in the *Observer*.

GIVING THE PRISONER A CHANCE

CHARGES of undue sentimentalism are being levelled at the promoters and supporters of the new Criminal Justice Bill. The critics, particularly those who profess to see in it a tendency to make prison a reward instead of a sentence, are for the most part ill-informed as to the present state of the law regarding the treatment of prisoners and ex-prisoners; but in addition, and quite apart from the suggested "preventive training" and "Howard houses," they have failed to grasp the implications of the proposed extensions in the scope of judicial discretion. The Bill will not work without the co-operation of the Bench, lack of which has rendered abortive so much of the legislation of the last twenty years; but the views of judges and magistrates have already begun to emerge, and they suggest that, though the Bill may forfeit their approval on account of its modification of prison conditions, its provisions for the treatment of recidivists may be used by them in such a way as to satisfy the sternest of Blimps. Much attention has already been given to the proposal to empower local justices to send adolescents to Borstal institutions for three years. Some misgivings (though less in this case, because it is less obvious) have also been expressed as to the extension of the list of crimes which may lead to a sentence of "preventive detention"; and some have even condemned this as something new, bearing an ominous resemblance to the "indeterminate sentence."

Preventive detention, for not less than five nor more than ten years, has existed as a punishment (or rather more as a means of shelving the recidivist problem) since 1908, when it was set up by the Prevention of Crime Act now listed for repeal. A special prison was built for men at Camp Hill in the Isle of Wight, where prisoners serve under modified penal servitude conditions, the modifications enabling a prisoner by good conduct and industry to earn certain privileges, including association at meals and permission to cultivate allotments and earn a little money for the produce grown. (Most prisoners hate Camp Hill because of the hymn-singing and the holier-than-thou atmosphere of reform.) A fourth conviction of felony, obtaining goods or money by false pretences, conspiracy to defraud, uttering counterfeit coin, or being found by night armed or in possession of house-breaking implements, coupled with evidence that he is "persistently leading a dishonest or criminal life," is sufficient to land a man at Camp Hill. It is proposed to extend this list of qualifying crimes so as to include commercial frauds, public indecency, selling "obscene" books, serious assaults, procuration and brothel-keeping, incest, and using a firearm with intent to resist arrest. The maximum of ten years is not altered, though the minimum is to be reduced from five to two years.

Those acquainted with the prosecution of "habitual criminals" will see no cause for alarm in all this. It is true that at present a man cannot be sent to preventive detention as an habitual criminal unless a jury has decided after a special trial that that is what he is, and that the new Bill proposes to abolish this safeguard and leave the decision to the court—a point which the apologists of penal reform have tended hitherto to overlook in their enthusiasm for the Bill. But juries have been very reluctant to decide that a man is an habitual criminal, particularly when it has been possible to show them that the prisoner has made such efforts to obtain and keep honest employment as to dispose of the assertion (essential to the case) that he is "persistently leading a dishonest or criminal life." And even when juries have convicted, judges have often refrained from passing sentence of preventive detention—they have even been known to put an habitual criminal on probation.

It is the after-prison aspect of the Bill which is most open to criticism, and this not because of the provisions requiring ex-prisoners who have served more than a twelve months' sentence to report to an "appointed society" (or, if he fails to do this, report monthly to the police), but because of the omission to clarify or remove certain anomalous enactments which expose ex-prisoners to special risks. Among these is Section 4 of the Vagrancy Act, 1824, which empowers a constable to arrest without a warrant any "suspected person or reputed thief frequenting or loitering in any street or place of public resort with intent to commit a felony." The cumulative effect of three High Court decisions during the last twenty years has been to establish that, for the purposes of this enactment, a man must already be a "suspected person" or a "reputed thief" quite apart from the conduct in the street that leads a constable to think he intends to steal, that conduct by itself not being sufficient; and this, while it has minimised the danger to innocent and blameless citizens, has laid emphasis on the specially vulnerable position of an ex-prisoner whose conduct, though perhaps no less blameless, acquires a sinister character because the constable knows his record. As to the "intent to commit a felony," Section 15 of the Prevention of Crimes Act, 1871, entitles the prosecution to inform the court as to the prisoner's "known character" for the purpose of proving that such was his intent; and though much of this Act is scheduled in the new Bill for repeal, this provision is untouched.

But perhaps the most noteworthy omission from a Bill designed to give a sporting chance to the ex-prisoner is any amendment of Section 7 of the Act of 1871. This ingenious provision (known, as a matter of fact, to policemen themselves as "the fly-paper Act") says that a man who is convicted of crime for a second time *on indictment* (the former conviction being proved against him), and goes to prison, is subject for seven years after his release to a sort of police reign of terror. During this seven years he can be sent to prison for twelve months by any local justice if, among other things, he is "found in any place, whether public or private, under such circumstances as to satisfy the court before whom he is brought that he was about to commit, or to aid in the commission of, any offence" (however trivial) "or was waiting for an opportunity to commit or aid in the commission of" any such offence. This business of "waiting for an opportunity to commit" an offence makes no great demand upon the imagination, either of the police in administering the Act, or of anyone who may now for the first time consider its almost fantastic scope for oppressive police and judicial action.

It has been responsible for some astonishing cases—notably one in 1913, when an ex-prisoner seeking to make a living was charged with waiting for an opportunity to commit the offence of selling lavender without a pedlar's certificate. He exercised the right, conferred upon him by the severity of the sentence to which he was liable, to claim trial by jury; and he appeared at Chester Assizes before Mr. Justice Coleridge, who made short work of a preposterous indictment and expressed strong views about it. Judges dislike these "seventh section" charges, and, in summings-up heavily charged with sarcasm, often make it easy for juries to acquit. But local justices have not shown this distaste; and it is strange that one of the rare instances in which they are empowered to exceed the usual "summary" maximum of six months' imprisonment should be founded on such an oppressive and vaguely worded enactment. The new Bill proposes, by an omission which the schedule of suggested repeals shows to be deliberate, to allow this provision to stand, in anomalous association with provisions as to after-care, probation, and prisoners' aid organisations. To say, therefore, that the Bill is informed throughout by the principle of giving the ex-prisoner a chance is either to betray such a lack of appreciation of present conditions as to disqualify for comment, or to incur a reasonable charge of disingenuousness.

C. H. ROLPH

NEW

THERE is no greater proof of the inconstancy of man than our attitude to the New Year. However well the Old Year may have treated us, we are seldom conscious of more than a faint regret as we see it go. There are months that we love so well that we wish they could remain for ever—May with its flowers and songs, August with its blue seas—but no year wins its way into our affections like this. "The year is dying; let it die," we say, unconscious of our ingratitude. We honour its passing it is true with the tribute of a slow bell, but all the while we are eagerly waiting for the stroke of midnight that will set the joybells ringing. The Old Year is by now little more than something that is holding up a royal progress. Let the prince appear and his predecessor is enthusiastically forgotten amid an acclamation of bells, whistles, sirens and the voices of Scotsmen singing "Auld Lang Syne." "Ring out the old, ring in the new." The fickle populace never even pauses to reflect on the infamy of its infidelity.

In most other respects man is a fairly faithful animal. He is—or, at least, agrees that he ought to be—faithful to those he loves. He does not become jubilant over the loss of an old friend, and, when an old dog dies, he does not regard this as an occasion for hilarious celebration. He responds to songs like "Old Faithful," which, I think, is about a horse. The songs that reach his heart, indeed, are mostly songs about old things and people—"the old folks at home," "the old Kentucky home," "old dog Tray." For most people the word "old" is associated with affection. To call an acquaintance "old man" is to suggest friendliness. If a man writes about "old London" you realise at once that he loves London with a warmth impossible to the devotee of the newest fashions.

Old churches, old furniture, old books—it is to these that the affections of the ardent cling. In regard to nearly everything except years, man seems to be loyal to the past. But an Old Year he can part from with less sense of severance than from an old hat.

And it seems to make no difference whether the Old Year has been from his point of view a good or a bad one. He may have fallen in love or won fame or money or travelled to his delight, in distant places. It is all the same to him. He is as hungry for the coming of the New Year as his more miserable fellow to whom the last twelve months have brought nothing but dreariness and misfortune. Hungrier, perhaps, for he is more high-spirited. He thinks less of what he owes 1938 than of the still better things he expects from 1939's horn of plenty. Or it might be nearer the truth to say that he does not think at all. He is simply conscious of a general cheerfulness in the air—the traditional and unreasonable cheerfulness that infects civilised mankind at midnight on the 31st of December. Everybody seems to be happy, and he has not the firmness of mind or the strength of character to stand apart and protest that this is no time for rejoicing—that the golden year of his life is slowly sinking to its close.

There is no explanation of New Year rejoicings that I can think of except the irrepressible optimism of the human race. New Year celebrations represent, as Dr. Johnson said of second marriages, the triumph of hope over experience. Man looks back on a landscape strewn with his individual failures and the failures of the unique species to which he belongs, and, instead of concluding from what he sees that as things have been they always will be, he tells himself that now he has reached a stage in time from which a prospect of the Promised Land may at last be visible. At midnight on the 31st of December, every man who is not a Scrooge or an Ishmaelite is of Shelley's party. He lives for the moment in the future, and not only that, but he believes that the future will be better than the past. He even, when he is young, resolves to make it so. I do not know how far good resolutions are to be taken seriously, but I imagine that there are still some hundreds of thousands of people who are grateful at the New Year for all those blank pages in their diaries in which they swear they will record achievements instead of the broken efforts that have made up their biographies in the past. For man, as a rule, is virtuous in his attitude to the future. It is for the most part in the present that he lapses into misdoing. For every man who lives well to-day there are a hundred men who live well in their thought of to-morrow. Naturally, the New Year appeals to the imagination of these sturdy idealists. "Sturdy," I call them, because, though they fall, they fall, like Tommy Farr, to rise again. And never do they feel in better fighting form than at the last stroke of the last hour on New Year's Eve. Exhilarated as the drunken mouse, they are ready to take on the Devil himself—to-morrow.

It seems to me that, on the whole, this apparently unreasonable optimism of mankind is justified by results. Faith in the future may not always have reformed the individual, but there is some reason for believing that it has benefited the human race. Progress has been slow, but man appears to have progressed; and I doubt whether anyone except an eccentric would exchange the world he knows for the world as it was at any other period, say, before 1850. There are still a few elderly members of the middle classes who look back on the mid-Victorian age as the peak of happy civilisation and who would agree with the note to Coventry Patmore's poem, "1867," in which we are bitterly told: "In this year the upper and middle classes were disfranchised by Mr. Disraeli's Government; and the final destruction of the liberties of England by the Act of 1884 rendered inevitable." But I do not think the ordinary man would give up the England of to-day even for England as it was before 1867:

> The year of the great crime,
> When the false English Nobles and their Jew,
> By God demented, slew
> The trust they stood twice pledged to keep from wrong.

There has been too much change for the better since 1867—more liberty and more means of enjoyment, more alleviation of misery and pain, happier children and fewer old people imprisoned in the poor-house.

There is, I agree, a good deal of cant talked about progress. It is less common, perhaps, than it was in the nineteenth century when the idea of evolution intoxicated many minds to such a point that they imagined progress to be continuous and all but inevitable. Material progress, no doubt, might be continuous if men were more like human beings and less like cats fighting in a suburban garden by moonlight. But since men are largely feline—or, at least, put themselves at the disposal of leaders who are largely feline—even material progress may be halted, and prophets of woe foretell a time when the very machines that are the masterpieces of the genius of our age will have perished and given place to the cruder implements of our soapless ancestors. For myself I find it easier to believe in the disappearance of war than in the disappearance of the aeroplane, the motor-car, the telephone and the wireless set; and it is not very easy to believe in the disappearance of war.

As for moral and intellectual progress, there is, of course, no certainty of that. We may, for all we know to the contrary, be the marvel of posterity for our moral and intellectual pioneering work. It is also possible that posterity will look on us as dwarfs who received an inheritance from giants and who, unable to make use of it, scattered it to the winds. We cannot tell. All we know is that in these matters there has been progress and retrogression and progress and retrogression in the past, and that, after a long period of years—not a generation but a millennium or two—the world seems somehow to have gone forward. The future is not always better than the past, but I think the distant future—I do not know how far distant—is.

It is this instinct of optimism, I fancy, that explains our facile response to the New Year joybells. Fatuous, you think? Not quite. After all, if men were not optimists, suicide and infanticide would be all but universal. Luckily, most men have always been capable of the belief in the possibility of a good time coming. Hence the civilisation of Greece and Rome, of France and England. There may be a European civilisation next year or the year after, happy as joybells, bright as a new penny. There certainly will be—some time or other. Shelley was right, and so are the Scotsmen raucously, but sincerely, howling the New Year in. Y. Y.

Miscellany

MORNING CALLS IN MASERU

ELEVEN o'clock in the morning in England is not usually considered a good time to make a social call; but it is not so bad in South Africa, where every European stops whatever she or he is doing and drinks tea. So although I was not going to call on Europeans, but on Natives, one could only hope that the Basuto housewives would think it less tactless than English ones would.

Maseru, although it is the headquarters of the British Government in Basutoland and has a church and schools and shops and a prison and a post office selling fine Basutoland stamps, and all the general paraphernalia of a capital, really seems only like an enormous village. It is so scattered, and the houses and shops seem to grow more like trees than buildings on the undulating ground, and the inhabitants, just as people do in all villages, cluster round the post office and hang about round the Store to see if any blankets with the latest designs have come in yet. But it is a town, and it has a racecourse, and a great open space with a mound where the Paramount Chief comes sometimes and addresses his people. To reach the real villages, which are no more than hamlets, I was driven out on a straight road, unhedged, unfenced,

climbing up and down the low hills of the waving grassland, mile after mile. The view seems endless, away over the grass, green after the recent rains, over the valley of the Caledon river, a dim greyish green stream with a few trees making landmarks by its water, in that land without trees. Then over the river again it is bare, spacious and many, people say, unattractive. But it is strange to me that people do not admire a place so vast, so silent, so calm and now so green, with its life of animals and birds, insects and flowers. The road, by European standards, would not be called a good one, but it is all they have outside Maseru, and they are proud of it. If you do not go on that road, you go on a horse, and most of the villages can be reached only on horseback. Every man rides, and sitting on his rather stocky, sturdy animal, with his red or his pink or his green blanket wrapped round him and carefully arranged to turn back in the front like the revers on a white man's overcoat, a Basuto is a good sight. He arranges his blanket cleverly, and, after all, they have not been worn for such a very long time. Once all the natives wore skins until they had killed off nearly all the animals with suitable hides and were driven to blankets. A Basuto will tell you that he has never been " a naked savage." He has always worn something.

The villages usually stand on one of the low hills, and the little huts, round or square, built of stone and thatched, look exceedingly neat. The local stone is good building material, but a few are made of reddish-brown clay and some have tin roofs. But the thatch is encouraged by the British authorities as it is healthier than corrugated iron. It is cool in summer and warm in winter and it lets in the air and helps to prevent tuberculosis. Fortunately health and beauty here go hand in hand. A well-made hut of red earth and dark thatch is a delightful sight, and most of them are made by their owners. The little villages fit into the quiet landscape as perfectly as do the hill villages in Southern Europe. As I came close to these homes I could see that the clay wall was covered all over with a pattern drawn on it while the clay was damp. These patterns are a series of straight lines making points and triangles, and they reminded me of Norman decorations in English churches.

We went into one little house in a hill village and a shapeless Basuto lady came forward in the darkness of the interior and greeted us. Knowing no better, I held out my hand and found I was grasping her by the wrist. I thought she had a deformed hand, and it was not until long afterwards that I found out the right gesture was to raise the arm with bent elbow and hold it out parallel with the face. As it was, one found oneself giving a vaguely Nazi salute.

Inside, the floor of the hut was of beaten-down and smoothed earth, and round the bottom of the walls was a low shelf on which children were sitting. The shelf was decorated with a crimped edge, exactly as pastry is ornamented in England. The woman showed us her home in which there was so little, only a shelf to sleep on, and an oil stove on which to cook the mealies, but the children came up to us, and I could take their hands, for they did not know any other gesture, and I could hold them, so dark and so very soft. These people were poor, but they had a tiny garden, and some vegetables were growing in it, and peach trees. The British Government has given away thousands of peach trees and vegetable seeds to try to improve the native food, but Natives do not like vegetables and they have to be cut up very small and mixed with mealies so that they hardly know they are there, before they will eat them. They are conservative about food, as men are in England, and I wondered if it was the women who put in the vegetables, and got them eaten in this almost secret way.

Then we went to another and larger hut, which had a parlour astonishingly decorated. The walls were coloured a pale grey-blue, and a pattern, which seemed to have been made by pressing on them the sole of a shoe, was all over them in alternating colours of pale yellow and the reddish brown of the usual clay. It was curiously like one of the fashionable modern fabrics designed, perhaps, by a Frenchman or Vanessa Bell, especially in its colouring. On these walls were hung religious pictures (I think the owners were Roman Catholics) and also photographs of family and wedding groups, with everyone in European dress, frock coats, and white dresses and veils. In some others of the huts there were shiny deal tables and chairs, and shelves with crockery on them, and in one was a piano. Everything was tidy and clean. Only in one was a child, sitting on a low shelf, dirty and unhappy, and the lady of the hut hastened to say that it was not hers.

I remembered lunching with a man in Cape Town who said that Natives did not know what to do with money. If they had better wages, he said, they would behave in just the same way as before, and go home to their villages and roll themselves up in their blankets and go to sleep on the floor, and yet here, in huts where the owners had a little more money, were these shiny tables and chairs and a piano, and the china. The man had lived for many years in South Africa and I had only been there for a few weeks, but I had seen these things with my own eyes. It was odd.

Outside one of the poorer huts, just by the door, was a small stone. It was a gravestone, the kind of stone put up for a pet dog in England. It stood out of the hard, dry earth not more than two yards away from the hut. On it was roughly cut " Celia died. 1932." That was all. I often saw these little stones, so close to the old homes of the dead that they seemed to be as it were part and parcel of them. Sometimes one saw a little group of perhaps three or four gravestones, in a place apart, inside a piece of wire tied round some sticks to make a semblance of a fence. But more often they are by the doors of the home. With such a little stone it was difficult not to think of Celia as a little piccaninny, but she may have been just such an enormous old lady with billowing breasts and immense hips, as one sees all over the place. But that she must have been loved I am sure, or she would not have been buried so near.

We went to see many people in Maseru as well as in the villages, and saw many little gardens, which the British agricultural expert is encouraging. Most of them were well kept, but not all, as so many of the men were away, working in the mines. It is strange indeed, to see so few young men about. They are swept away, as though there was a war going on, and in the town one of the largest buildings has " Recruiting Station " carved on its stone front, but it is recruiting for the gold mines that is meant, and in the great drought a few years ago the miners sent thousands of pounds to their relations in Basutoland and saved them from starvation, and the young women are said to despise a man who has not been to the mines. It is almost like the possession of a university degree in some circles in England. That is one side of the medal. The other, perhaps, is the venereal disease, and the neglected gardens and the crowded, stifling town life instead of that high, upland country with its vitalising air.

I said good-bye in the last little cottage in Maseru, one of a row clinging to the side of the sloping, hard ground. A widow lived there, and she looked less cheerful than most of the rather bovine and smiling Basuto women whom I had seen, but she was alone, and her son was away in the gold mines, and the garden was parched and weedgrown. Her son would not be home again for a long time, she said, and I wondered if he thought of his home when he was crouching in the mine like a dwarf or working above ground, deafened with the rhythmic roaring and thumping of the gold-crushing machinery. Perhaps he had helped to decorate the cottage with his art. He might have carefully scratched the dogs-tooth ornament all over the outer wall. He must sometimes long for that grey green land with its two unforgettable characteristics of space and of silence. He might, in spite of all the organised care of the mine officials, get tuberculosis and never come back. But his mother said that he would certainly come back to see her and fetch his bride.

THEODOSIA LLOYD

COUNTRY NOTES

Sudden Snowfall

LOOKING out of my window early on the shortest day of the year, I observed a large hay-wain pursuing its way across the big meadow—no uncommon sight, when one lives in the middle of a farm. A familiar sight indeed: the trusses piled clumsily high, the team pulling sturdily, the two men trudging alongside, their upright whips drawn delicately against the sky. The world, however, had turned white during the night.

It was dazzlingly white in sunlight, and across the virgin snow the haycart toiled on its way, looking absurdly out of place. The nostrils of the horses smoked, as like a great black ship the heavy cart lurched and rocked on its way between the rick and the cow-sheds. In the complete stillness of this quilted world it was the only thing that moved.

There was no colour at all, nothing but a photographic black and white, or so it seemed at first sight, until one remarked that the white pigeons sitting on the roof of the barn were really electric blue. The pigeons reminded me of the birds, which must be hungry, and going downstairs I found them hopping in dozens on the platform where they are accustomed to find their food. Usually one perceives birds separately, and at a distance, but the advantage of perches at eye-level just outside the window is that they come in congregations, their collective colours brilliant and varied as a paint-box. Blue-tits, great tits, chaffinches, robins, all bright morsels flying, hopping, picking, perching, dangling, flashing in the snow, far more vivid than when the world was green. Their behaviour was not at all in accordance with their loveliness. The robins, driven by hunger, had forgotten to be as disagreeable as usual; but a large throstle, after eating his fill, took up his position and with clapping beak turned the platform into a kind of Tom Tiddler's ground, where the small fry could snatch only at their peril. Self-satisfaction spread over me as I considered how far more charitable I was being than they to their own kind. In fact, there are few occupations which induce greater self-satisfaction than dispensing food to hungry birds. Their need is so great, and one's own wealth so boundless. One does not know whether to feel more like St. Francis or Lord Nuffield, but either persuasion is flattering. The maize I threw out to the pigeons turned into golden sovereigns as it left my hands. And not only food but warmth is miraculously at one's disposal. A half-dead wagtail, gradually reviving, wrapped in flannel near the fire; a dove sitting on the back of a chair; and in my own sitting-room a robin (he must have come down the chimney), perching with complete assurance and an innate sense of decoration among the jade leaves and coral berries of a Chinese tree. He stayed with me while the snow lasted, and with the thaw I let him go.

Traps in the Snow

My sense of loving-kindliness, however, exaggerated as it was by the season and by the resources of charity at my command, had been disturbed by the wickedness of the throstle, which affected me much as the pea affected the princess. It may have been a small thing to come as a reminder of the cruelty of nature, whether human or otherwise; a small thing, in a world where the nastier qualities may be observed daily on so extensive a scale. Men were killing one another in China and Spain, and preparing possibly to kill one another in Europe also; but somehow that vicious little snap of the throstle's beak, that dog-in-the-manger attitude of the already gorged bird, shocked me as closely as anything I could read that morning in the daily paper—a disproportionate sensibility, no doubt, but none the less real. It made me wonder how deep true kindliness could go; how ill-considered it really was; how shallow, how easily dispelled. The English, I reflected, were on the whole a mild and kindly race; they disliked violence, they were amiably and even sentimentally disposed towards animals and children; the cases prosecuted by the R.S.P.C.A. were the exception, not the rule. I remembered an occasion when I gave orders for a litter of mongrel puppies to be drowned, and then met the gardener carefully sheltering the puppies under his coat from the rain, on his way to plunge them all into a bucket of water. "I wouldn't like the poor little chaps to get wet," he explained.

Is this hypocrisy, or merely bad thinking? It is useless to draw the moral, but useful to dwell on the results. How, for example, can we continue to countenance a practice which allows an animal, be it rabbit, fox, or dog, to twist its broken paw out of a steel trap between the hours of sunset and sunrise? Few men, I think, would stand by and watch such agony, yet many cheerfully make such agony possible. Lack of imagination, I suppose. What the eye does not see, the heart does not suffer. But we ought not to be content to leave it at that.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

WHITHER MUSIC?

A PAMPHLET entitled "Whither Music" has been sent to me by the author, Mr. Richard Freymann. It consists of two lectures entitled "What is Music?" and "The Power of Music" respectively, and it contains many intelligent and interesting remarks. Reading it through I was struck once more by a prevailing tendency which is to be found everywhere in fashion to-day, which I may roughly describe as "materialistic." I am not an anti-materialist in the sense that for me appearance has no reality. On the contrary, I have always believed that reality must make an appearance to become apprehensible, and I am no friend to the dichotomy, so marked though not originating in Christianity, which divides spirit from matter.

Having made this clear I can then declare that the fashion to-day among the intelligentsia of ignoring the less obvious for the more obvious matters in all the arts is probably stronger than it has ever been, and not only stronger but more superficial. This is an age of pedantry and preciosity not in scholarship but in conception, and a proof of it is the enormously increased concentration upon technique, but only in the sphere where technique can be judged apart from intention. We can see it very plainly in the criticism of the arts. A critic who proposes conundrums to his readers or talks exclusively about technique is taken to be a man of great knowledge and understanding. In practice the knowledge is of such a sort as to impress only the layman and to make the musician smile, while the understanding is either low or non-existent. In a recent brilliant article on "What is Poetry?" Mr. William Gerhardi drew a distinction, which I have always maintained, between "information" and "knowledge." As he rightly stated, "knowledge" can only come from genuine experience; it is not to be picked up from text-books. Mr. Gerhardi possibly does not go so far as I do in considering information to be without any aesthetic value but to be of use only for horse-racing or other scientific pursuits (pace Mr. Hogben!). However, he agrees with me that information is not knowledge, and the rage for general knowledge questions in the newspapers is part of the superficiality of this age, which sees virtue residing in information.

In music to-day everybody discusses its material resources. I admit that it is very much more difficult to discuss the real problems of music. These are possibly only accessible to creative musicians, but as Mr. Roger Sessions, the American composer, has well said in a recent article in an American magazine entitled "The Function of Theory":

> But creation—the end—is a subconscious process, while technic—the means—is the conscious or super-conscious one; musical theory, therefore, that is before the fact can have no conceivable value to the musician and can only be poisonous to him if he allows himself to be really exposed to it.
>
> In other words musical theory is valid for the musician only in so far as it is practical and not speculative, in regard either to the nature of musical material or the establishment of abstract values. It must base itself on music in the concrete and not on physics or history or esthetic. If the latter are adduced it must be by way of

confirmation or analogy, in support of observed facts, not by way of exposition or deduction as to the inherent nature of music itself. Since physics and history belong in categories completely different from that of art, anything whatever—and, of course, nothing—can be proven from them.

When we read Mr. Freymann's statements that before one can try to answer the question "What is Music?" one has first of all

(i) To discard many old traditional ideas, especially those about harmony, tonality, about the relationship between discords and concords, beauty, purposeless music or absolute music, etc.

(ii) To extend one's knowledge beyond classical music to music of all periods, particularly to music of primitive and ancient times and to modern music.

One is struck almost dumb at the number of contradictions he seems unaware of. Why this opposition between (i) and (ii)? We are told to discard in (i) and to study in (ii), but obviously a musician is not called upon arbitrarily to discard in advance any of the material of music. As Mr. Sessions justly remarks, the point of departure is "the ear in its manifold discriminative and synthesising functions and not a set of arbitrary relations between tones."

Mr. Sessions is absolutely right, in my opinion, when he sees in this rage for theorising the signs of a profound inner insecurity

On the part of society perhaps, rather than the individual; and search for forms, external imperatives, to reinforce and direct confused or wavering inner necessities. After all, the composer's task is to discover and utilise not to classify and rationalise his materials. He achieves form through the necessities of a clear and directed intensity of vision, not through moulds into which his ideas can be poured, or recipes according to which they can be fabricated to pattern. If such rationalisations are to have validity even for the student—and they certainly can have no other—they must be deduced from the plenitude of actual creative achievement not evolved in the factory of facile classification or the laboratory of a priori abstraction. It was not really Fux, after all, but his far greater contemporaries who through masterpieces—deeds, not theories—brought order into the "chaos" of his time.

Another famous living musician has described these theoretic systems of modern expositors as "so many prisons." Profoundly insecure and having no faith in their creative vitality, such theorising composers put themselves in chains from the bearing of which they get a moral satisfaction and support analogous to that got by the man who joins a church or a party. Such action may be the sign of a modest man, but it is also the sign of a non-creative artist; or at the best, that of an artist whose creative vitality is not strong. One might go much further with absolute truth and declare that even the analysis of past music with which we are deluged to-day from schools, teachers, professors, theorists and critics galore is almost wholly unsound and certainly imperfect and inadequate. It has currency only on the lower levels of musical development, and its chief use is to delude the superficial into a false security and assumption of knowledge by filling their heads with trivial information. W. J. TURNER

PANTOMIMES

"The Queen of Hearts," at The Lyceum
"Red Riding Hood," at Covent Garden.
"Babes in the Wood," at Drury Lane

PANTOMIME is universal by definition, and if leg-show has replaced dumb-show, Columbine dances swing and the oldest of bottles bubbles with the rawest champagne, we must admire vitality rather than deplore decay. *The Queen of Hearts* is a comparative newcomer to the classic canon and, possibly for that reason, adheres fairly closely to old traditions. The Yellow Dwarf is presented with hideous fidelity by Mr. Arnold Bell, Miss Nancy Fraser makes a Principal Boy of whom an Elizabethan would have approved, while Mr. Clarkson Rose as the Queen cuffs her husband, bullies her court and repels unwelcome advances with the superb hauteur of George Robey playing Queen Elizabeth. The low comedy was noisy and inexhaustible, and if there was rather too much ambiguous backchat about the stolen tarts, there were at least none of those jokes about drunkenness that so often preoccupy comedians when their usual humorous material is ruled unpermissible. The high spot of the evening is the Ballet in the Castle of Cards, culminating in a magnificent mechanical cataclysm. With scarcely a preparatory rumble the singing squads of Royal Straight Flushes are swept from the stage and the castle thunders down into a surging sea, with the Witch swooping and zooming through sheets of rain on a ghastly green broomstick. Euripedes would have loved it.

The much-advertised *Red Riding Hood* proved somewhat of an anti-climax. There was spectacle galore, though mainly of the pretty kind in which a hundred marigolds rise coyly from the orchestra pit while flying butterflies dive like beneficent bombers and pelt the stalls with nosegays. But there was, if anything, too much glory, and Nelson Keys' astringent and individual wit was smothered in spectacle like old amontillado in a welter of cream trifle. Even his impersonations (Snow-White, Mr. Middleton, etc.) suffered from the vastness of the stage and the dreadful certainty that more butterflies were gathering for action in the wings. The best joke of the evening was the description of Mr. Chamberlain (presented to us in bad but noble portraiture) as the "greatest benefactor the nation has ever seen." But the house, slow on the uptake, applauded with decorous enthusiasm, and another covered portrait was left discreetly draped. *Red Riding Hood* is ballet rather than pantomime, and only a full-length Harliquinade reminds us of the days when fun was fast and slapstick furious. Perhaps the change is all for the best: I doubt if modern audiences could stomach the Victorian realism that let (in 1873) the Wolf devour Red Riding Hood and eat up Bo-Peep for good measure.

Babes in the Wood is the thinnest of pantomime stories, and even the intervention of Robin Hood to help out his feathered namesakes left this year's edition a series of music-hall turns. The best and, to judge by the applause, most popular feature, were our old friends the Agar Young Duo co-operating as Lulu the Horse. Lulu sat, galloped, made amorous advances to ladies in the stalls, and bulged as oddly as Haig's monumental charger, but in all her contortions never ceased to be wholly and alarmingly equine. Equally good were the Arnaut Brothers as two horrible birds who contrived to express the basest human sentiments in the purest of piercing bird-call with such effect, I am afraid, that their hearers will never again listen to the curlew or the willow-warbler with unmixed rapture. As a whole, though, the show was quieter than most of its predecessors, and tasted more of the Vic-Wells than the Holborn Empire. The Ganjou Brothers throw their long-suffering Juanita with practised, if familiar, grace, the Royal Mastersingers meistersing royally, Madame Walker's 24 Specially Trained Children are mercilessly competent, and Mr. Jack Edge sings under the spreading chestnut tree for more than fifteen minutes. But there is no Grand Transformation Scene, very little leaping from trap-doors, and a Dame whose maternal tenderness must have disgusted the younger half of the house. JOHN MAIR

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Snow Maiden," at Sadler's Wells

Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *The Snow Maiden* ought to be a rival for popular favour—at this time of the year especially—with Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*. The composer had the advantage of an excellent libretto in Ostrovsky's legend of the Spring and he has handled it very judiciously, maintaining a high level of musical excellence throughout. Rimsky-Korsakov is always at his best with folk material, especially when it is of a fantastic nature, and this opera is undoubtedly one of his finest works. It has the advantage of delightfully appropriate scenery and costumes by Elisabeth Polunin at Sadler's Wells and also a singer, Olive Dyer, who is physically ideal for the part. Her voice has just the right colour and is mostly true and sweet in the title role. The change by which Rose Morris takes the part of Lehl the shepherd, and Edith Coates that of Spring, is greatly to the improvement of the general effect. The abundant choruses show Sadler's Wells

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to advantage as the singing and acting of the chorus are their strong points. Lawrence Collingwood conducted and Clive Carey produced this very successful revival of an opera that deserves to be better known in this country.

"Marco Millions," at the Westminster

Here was a production to which one could look forward: one of the best living playwrights, Mr. Eugene O'Neill, writing on an intrinsically interesting subject, Marco Polo and Kublai Khan; and an intelligent producer, Mr. Michael Macowan, in charge of an excellent cast, including Mr. Robert Harris, Mr. Griffith Jones, Mr. George Howe, Mr. Stephen Murray, Mr. Max Adrian and Miss Catherine Lacey. But the play turned out to be one of the most incompetent ever written by a good dramatist: the notion that Marco Polo was the prototype of the American business-man provides some elementary satire, but neither suspense nor variety. The Junk scene designed by Messrs. Peter Goffin and André Bicat was very decorative, and so was Mr. Griffith Jones. The others all acted with great courage, especially Mr. Harris and Mr. Howe. The production of such tedious and pretentious plays as this does great harm to the serious theatre.

"The Young in Heart," at the Odeon
"Four Daughters," at the Warner

Both these films have their points, but it is strange to find them solemnly listed among the year's best pictures. Though 1938 was in many ways a disappointing vintage, it was not so poor as all that: excellent English films like *Pygmalion*, *The Citadel* and *The Lady Vanishes* have gone far to balance out the marked deterioration in French and American cinema. *The Young in Heart* is the story of an unprincipled but attractive family (Roland Young, Billie Burke, Douglas Fairbanks, jr., and Janet Gaynor) who encounter a gold mine in the shape of a rich and lonely old lady. They ensconce themselves in her house and lay siege to her fortune: to prove their worth as heirs, father and son even go so far as to accept, with the utmost reluctance, the offer of work. Gradually the expected happens: the adventurers are converted to virtue, partly by the old lady's unparalleled sweetness and partly by the simple joys of honest toil—though it must be admitted that disposing of shiny automobiles by means of smart sales-talk about Socrates seems a dubious example of honest toil. *The Young in Heart* contains many amusing scenes and has the virtue of bringing Paulette Goddard back to the screen; but its scheme is too tidy and predictable and the family a shade too likeable: we miss in it the salutary bite of true satire.

Four Daughters is a small town idyll of the sort which the Americans often do so well. It certainly captures something of the everyday atmosphere of a family of adolescent girls: there is a likeable credibility about their picnics, Christmas parties, helping in the kitchen and excitement about male visitors. But the director is afraid of his theme; he is apt to take refuge in conventional humour, in the pretence, for example, that grown men and aging spinsters like nothing better than a good swing on the garden gate. And, though ordinariness is the essence of the story, he makes everybody far too good at everything: the stranger who drops in is a composer of genius, the family orchestra would almost get jobs from Stokowski, and the family soprano does in fact get a job on the radio. We are beginning to abandon our hopes of the film when the composer's friend arrives "to help him with the orchestration." This part is played by a young actor called John Garfield who may prove an acquisition to the screen. Sparing of gesture, at once sensitive, humorous and tough in manner, he is ideally suited to portray the new Byronic type: that clever, fate-haunted, intensely difficult young man who is continually depicted in modern novels and quite often encountered in real life. His is a career to be watched. The Warner programme also contains a "Crazy Newsreel" of excruciating vulgarity: a shot of a lion at a drinking pool is accompanied by the words: "It's opening time, so the lion has a quick one before the rush."

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, December 31st—
Prof. James Kendal: "Michael Faraday," Royal Institution, 3.
The Lanchester Marionettes, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
SUNDAY, January 1st—
John Langdon-Davies: "Prospects for Reason in 1939," Conway Hall, 11.
TUESDAY, January 3rd—
Prof. James Kendal: "Some Young Organic Chemists," Royal Institution, 3.
WEDNESDAY, January 4th—
Demonstration of Dalcroze Eurhythmics, Great Hall, University College, 4.30.
W. B. Curry: "Education and the Liberal Tradition," Conway Hall, 8.
THURSDAY, January 5th—
Prof. James Kendal: "The Chemistry of Space and of Solutions," Royal Institution, 3.
FRIDAY, January 6th—
Opening of Exhibition of Scottish Art, Royal Academy.
Hampstead Peace Council Public Meeting. Speakers, including Lt.-Com. E. P. Young and Mr. Christopher Chen, will deal with Czechoslovakia, China, Spain and Austria. Avenue Road Congregational Church Hall, 8.15.

Correspondence

A.R.P. AND PACIFISM

SIR,—In a recently published book, "A.R.P.," I attempted to meet some of Mr. Walker's criticisms. I do not agree with Earl Russell's view that the attack has gained relatively to the defence since 1918. I think the experience of Spain has proved the contrary. Since a system of shelters considerably less efficient than I demand for London has been provided in Spain the civilians have been able to carry on with the manufacture of munitions. Provided a shelter is available near a man's residence or place of work he does not spend his whole time in it. If the nearest shelter is so far off that it cannot be reached in the time between the warning signal and the raid, then normal activities are largely paralysed.

As to the possibility of silent approach on British towns, I would refer Mr. Walker to an agreed statement by Mr. Langdon-Davies and myself published in the *Left News* for September, 1938. We agree that, at any rate, a large-scale raid on London designed to kill thousands of people in a few seconds could not be made without warning. Hence almost complete protection of life against a raid of this type could be achieved. And it is on such raids that many German theorists rely for the winning of a war.

I must, however, plead guilty to being even more interested in saving the lives of innocent people than in winning a war, to which Mr. Walker, as a neo-pacifist, attaches so much importance. And until a war has been won by bombing civilians, and economic sanctions in accordance with Article 16 have been tried and proved ineffective, I shall not be inclined to follow him and Mr. Chamberlain in belittling sanctions and advocating bombers.

Mr. Walker proceeds to give us his political views. After referring to "the unhappy collapse of the League of Nations" (*cf.* the unhappy collapse of Christ on the cross) he states his opinion that "Fascism was directly due to the treatment of these countries by democracies." Had Fascism originated in Germany this might be plausible. As it did so in Italy it would be interesting to know how "the democracies" ill-treated Italy. If Italy should have been given more colonies in 1919, why have not the Scandinavian countries, which have practically no colonies, gone Fascist?

Finally, he makes no attempt to answer the argument that the provision of shelters, by making the success of a *Blitz-Angriff* impossible, will do much to make a war less probable. He evades this by posing the question "is war inevitable?" Neither of us can answer this question. We can both admit that it is probable. If so, we should surely support a measure which diminishes its probability on the one hand, and its danger to non-combatants on the other. In conclusion I should like to add that certain architects believe that I have considerably overestimated the cost of a satisfactory shelter system for our large towns.

University College, London, J. B. S. HALDANE
Department of Biometry

SHIPS FOR SPAIN

SIR,—One rejoices to hear of the shipments of food, etc., which are being sent to Government Spain. All honour to the organisations responsible for this charitable work.

Just as necessary are the shipments made by shipowners, but not so praiseworthy perhaps on account of the huge profits forced from starving Spaniards.

Of course, with conditions as they are at the moment there is

a greater risk of Gen. Franco's bombs robbing the trader of his hard-earned (?) money. But the real risk is taken not by the shipowner but by those who deliver the goods.

For this risk of sea and air attack the crews are given a 200 per cent. increase in wages *but only whilst in Spanish waters*. Thus, a £3 a week seaman would receive £9 a week and during that period he runs the risk very frequently of death or disablement. When you realise that there is no insurance issued to cover these possibilities it is evident that the reward offered is disproportionate, to say the least, especially when you compare the risks and rewards of shipowners and seamen.

It is true that it has been the custom of owners hitherto to give seamen the option of declining to sail to Spanish ports, but from the recent experience of a friend it appears that they are not now so scrupulous in their methods.

My friend, a wireless operator, was requested to sail to Malta as a passenger, where he was to sign on a cargo boat bound for the Black Sea. This boat is one of a fleet which has been in the news frequently as being special victims of Franco's bombs.

It was natural, therefore, for my friend to endeavour to find out the ports of call after the Black Sea but, strangely enough, neither the shipping company nor the wireless company knew anything beyond that point. No exception could be taken to a Black Sea trip and my friend sailed to Malta.

Early in December he wrote to say that he was asked to sign articles for a round voyage which included Spanish ports. Had he known this in London he would not have sailed to Malta, but, since he had got so far, it was very difficult to refuse. To have done so would have probably resulted in dismissal from the wireless company.

The dangers of the voyage mean nothing to my friend, but the principle involved means a lot. I can vouch for his sincerity when he told me that he would willingly go to Spain a thousand times if the sole reason was to assist in the relief of starving humanity. As it is, he is asked to participate in a deal which is purely commercial; and that is to describe it kindly.

When considering the rewards mentioned above he thinks it not worth while to lose an arm, or leg, or even his life for about £10. The method adopted to coerce his signature appears to me to represent extremely dishonest practice. Shipping and wireless companies should be made to realise that they cannot gamble with human life at will. Even if the poor employee has no loophole then surely the companies should be made to insure very heavily the life and limb of those who risk all to gain practically nothing.

21 Brockenhurst Avenue, P. R. COON
Worcester Park, Surrey.

VIVISECTION

SIR,—I must tell Naomi Mitchison one of my funniest old stories. If it does not make her laugh I shall revise my present high estimate of her susceptibility.

One night I was on the platform when her brother delivered one of his most brilliant lectures. But there occurred in it repeatedly an undefined term. This was "Men of Science." At the end I asked him, not to define the term generally, because I knew how difficult that would be, but just to say simply whether he considered me and H. G. Wells men of science. He at once dismissed the notion of my being a man of science as too absurd to be entertained. But in the matter of H. G. Wells he became very grave. He said he was not quite sure; but he had some vague recollection of having seen somewhere that H. G., when a student at South Kensington, had once dissected a worm. If that were so then he could not deny him the title of Man of Science. And nobody laughed. We were too polite; but now that it is so old a story, one may be permitted to roar.

It was hard on me at first to be dismissed in ignominious solitude; but when I found that I was in the company of Einstein, Eddington, Jeans, Darwin (a great worm specialist), Goethe, Newton, Leonardo, Galileo, Aristotle and Plato and all the other famous men who never dissected worms at South Kensington, I felt less lonely.

And now his sister notes that I have never worked in a laboratory which had a licence for vivisection. And Dr. Grace Eggleton says that I had some unfortunate experience in early youth which made me irrational on the subject of vivisection. I totally forget any such experience; and Dr. Eggleton must be ninety or thereabouts if she remembers it. But I do recall an incident which may establish my scientific credit with both ladies. I was still quite a child when my scientific curiosity was awakened by somebody who told me that no matter what height a cat fell from it always alighted unharmed on its feet. My first act when I was alone was to take our pet cat up to the first floor and push it off the windowsill into space. This was not cruelty on my part: if I had been told that my father could fly, I should have pushed him off the top of Nelson's Pillar without a moment's hesitation to see him do it.

The experiment was successful at first: the cat fell on its feet and seemed none the worse. I must add that I can never pass a cat without petting it, and that I was quite fond of this one.

But later on a physicist discredited my experiment by proving that a cat in the air, having no fulcrum for its levers, could not possibly turn or in any way control its movements. And so our cat fell on its legs by pure chance. I then perceived that I must procure a hundred cats and throw them from a height to ascertain whether the physicist was right. I felt that this would be an unkind proceeding, possibly because of that forgotten passage in early youth vouched for by Dr. Eggleton. So I went to the circus instead and watched the trapeze artists doing much cleverer things in the air than the cat did.

But I cannot deny that I never dissected a worm at South Kensington, and never intend to. Again, I suppose, that unfortunate experience in early youth.

My own profession, or rather one of my professions, is occasionally a cruel one, like a dentist's. I never, like Naomi Mitchison, steel myself to it by thinking how much worse cows are sometimes treated in a dairy, or, like Dr. Eggleton, how my patients are beautifully kept and so friendly with the operator that they (sometimes) appear to take a slating as part of the day's normal work. I do it as scientifically as may be; but I have never claimed that critics should be exempt from all moral and legal obligations.

As to the pursuit of knowledge, I go so far as to maintain that there are many things that a decent person ought not to know: for instance, how his children would taste if they were boiled. And I totally deny that in the case of desirable knowledge there is only one way of discovering and testing it, and that way the way of the vivisection laboratory. This correspondence has proved only too well that those who enter on that path leave their brains behind them. G. BERNARD SHAW

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"WOMEN MUST WORK"

SIR,—May I raise a gentle voice in reply to Miss Godwin's letter to say that I like washing stockings; and a less gentle voice against Miss Lane that such a protesting person could not have found even a little protest against women soldiers in China?

There is no justice for women in "equality" with men. If, in addition to having and rearing children, we, as a sex, play as large a part in other spheres as men, we shall be doing three-quarters of the world's work. We shall have to have another revolt when the community expects us to do so much.

As for housework, it seems to me a two-edged sword to encourage men to take too great a part in it. By right of our monopoly on domestic work, we can have what we like for dinner and choose our own curtains and make men wipe their feet when they walk on our carpets.

Miss Godwin and Miss Lane must allow that the destiny of so many women to be mothers and housewives is bound to colour their lives from the earliest days. In fact it usually makes them, very logically, less ambitious in other spheres.

The question of the individual woman worker is another matter. It seems to me to be a democratic principle that every citizen should have equal opportunities to do what he or she wishes. And unequal pay for equal work should be contested as much by men as by women. It has led to undercutting on a national scale. Have men never remarked that women can find jobs so much more easily than they, and wondered why?

Words are useless to break down prejudice; rather we should use the tact that so happily distinguishes our sex. Then after a few generations of freedom we shall find our own level. And in spite of what Miss Godwin and Miss Lane say, I think we now have freedom in most respects.

But I cannot finish a letter of this kind without acknowledging that we have this freedom through the efforts of women of their calibre. And about Miss Godwin I speak with inside knowledge, for she is the secretary of my Trade Union, the Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries. FRANCES MARY WATTS

50 St. Dunstan's Avenue, Acton, W.3.

SIR,—The approach to commerce is so fluffed by feminists that they but hinder those of us who can play. What *do* they mean by "sex-equality" in business? Men are not masculine but commercialine about commerce. Successful business people have not bleated for success, they have taken it.

Women who are seriously minded might meditate on the lives of great women and conclude that you don't get much for nothing. The trouble is that so many women are serious and so few are minded. Until they learn to play, women should leave the course clear for those of us who understand the game. There is the practice ground—the background. M. CHISHOLM

34, St. George's Rd.,
S.W.1.

THE EDUCATION ACT, 1936

SIR,—The Education Act of 1936 has been forgotten by the public, not only because of the absorbing interests and anxieties of the last few weeks, but also because we are in the middle of the long interval between the passing of the Act and the date upon which it comes into force, September, 1939.

It is very important that the Act should not be forgotten by those who have influence in educational circles and those who as ratepayers are concerned with schools under public authorities. Most readers of this paper will agree that the Act is a shoddy, insufficient and apologetic piece of legislation, but at present it is more important to consider the good which may be wrung out of it than to pursue the easy course of analysing its faults. Everything depends upon how the Act is implemented. If local authorities take the line of least resistance in prosperous areas where there is a demand for juvenile labour, there will probably be so many exemptions that only the stupid child who cannot get employment, and the comparatively wealthy one who does not seriously need it, will be left at school. If, however, the authorities are conscientious and only allow children to leave for employment which is really beneficial there will be very few exemptions, for clearly it is not easy to find jobs which are better for a fourteen-year-old child than school.

Everything depends upon what is counted as "beneficial." Nothing should be considered which is unlikely to lead to permanent employment, which is insufficiently paid, which involves physical strain, or which will give the child a mental and moral environment unfavourable to its best development. Also the word "beneficial" should be considered in connection with each particular child, and the boy or girl who would profit from the year at school ought in no circumstances to be allowed to leave. Otherwise a depressed and restless residue of dullards will be the only children who stay beyond their fourteenth birthday. If the local authorities were to make a maximum limit of exemptions, say 10 per cent., that would help to guard against this unfortunate result, and would be an economy on the rates, because it would make possible an accurate calculation of the number of children to be provided for in the new age group.

One reason why it is essential to think about the Act now is that before September a body must be appointed in each district to deal with the question of exemptions; the easiest and most obvious way is to hand the task over to a Junior Employment Committee; it is also the worst course because the children are best kept away from the Labour Exchange, and because the people who decide about the child's future should be those who consider the child as an end in itself rather than as an asset to industry. Teachers rather than employers should settle the matter.

Another reason why the Act must be considered immediately is that an extra classroom and an extra teacher will have to be provided in most schools for the children who stay on. It will be worse than useless if the fourteen-year-olds stay on in the top form, repeating their last year's work, bored and therefore troublesome, a disturbing influence amongst the older children. How many elementary schools have a spare form room or an underworked staff? Unless both accommodation and staff are increased the effect of the Act will be to accentuate the overcrowding and understaffing which are the worst troubles of the elementary schools to-day. The extra staff may be engaged next August, but classrooms cannot be planned and built in a day. Building and reorganisation must be pressed on immediately.

There is also the problem of the child whose parents need desperately the few shillings that an errand boy brings home each week. Unless maintenance allowances are granted to compensate parents whose children might otherwise be earning, the children from poor homes will agitate ceaselessly to be allowed to leave, not because they are tired of school but because they feel that they are causing hardship at home. There are districts where maintenance allowances are given to necessitous children in the elementary schools; the example of these progressive areas will have to be followed wherever there is poverty, if the Education Act is to be of any use. It is unfortunate that the places where these grants are most needed are the areas which will find it hardest to pay them, an unanswerable argument in favour of the grants being paid by the Board of Education.

There must be many readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION who have influence with education authorities and who will be able to press for the proper application of the Act.

13 Marlborough Avenue, E. N. NASH (N.A.L.T.)
Hull.

"THE CLASS CONFLICT IN ITALY"

SIR,—I am grateful to Dr. Finer for his courteous and spirited review, but I must ask you to allow me to place on record that I did not, as he implies, either state or suggest (1) that at the Trade Union labour exchanges "employment is almost exclusively dependent" on membership, (2) that the Fascist Party intervenes in the election of Trade Union committees and officials, and (3) that in the negotiation of collective contracts "the negotiator on the labour side" is an appointed official. I did not make these statements and they are not true. KARL WALTER

Bordighera Vecchia, Italy.

PAID HOLIDAYS AND THE RAILWAYS

SIR,—It is to be hoped that before the next holiday season some organisation will be secured for those with paid holidays, alike in the interests of the railways, motor coaches, boarding house keepers, and of those with a weekly wage of, say, £2 10s. and upwards per week. An organisation on the lines of the Workers' Travel Association could arrange for the collection of holiday savings through stamp forms, arrange cheap fares according to the number of prospective passengers, and secure a registration of boarding-houses, holiday camps, farmhouses, etc., to which people of limited means could be arranged for.

It is surprising to find for how little—if one knows how—one can have a very pleasant holiday either at the seaside or the country.

But the large number of working people to whom the boon of holidays with pay has fallen will require some organisation, or we may find railways and boarding house keepers again complaining next year. A. ST. CLAIR WHITE

254 Brockley Road, S.E.4.

LITERATURE FOR NEW ZEALAND

SIR,—There is scope in New Zealand for the dissemination of advanced ideas and information. The lack of Left literature in the country is distressing. If any of your readers have friends in New Zealand, they could do a great service, if they cared, by sending out to them such progressive periodicals or other informative literature as they have no further use for.

CATHERINE TIBBLES

ULSTER AND EIRE

SIR,—Mr. M. W. Dennison, in your issue of the 12th instant, seeks to discredit Mr. E. L. Mallalieu by suggesting that that gentleman feels himself qualified to hold certain opinions on the constitutional and economic questions of Northern Ireland "after sitting for a few days on an unofficial commission for the National Council for Civil Liberties."

May I ask, therefore, whether Mr. Dennison wishes to commit himself to the absurd suggestion that no one, for example, can hold any valid opinion on the return of Tanganyika who has not long been resident in that colony? If so, what becomes of the claims of Ministers, Members of Parliament and permanent officials to control and to safeguard the welfare of our overseas territories?

Is it not elementary to suppose that the "few days" spent by Mr. Mallalieu and his legal and other colleagues on that commission in Belfast may have been the culmination of a long period of study of these problems? In point of fact I and certain barristers and solicitors attached to my Council had carried out investigations in some twenty towns of Northern Ireland over a period of just on two years before our commission held its formal sessions in Belfast.

Incidentally, Mr. Dennison does not even trouble to verify his facts. He seeks to discredit our commission by saying that it sat in St. Mary's Hall, "a Roman Catholic building and a centre of nationalist activity." This is totally untrue. The commission never at any time sat at that hall, but at non-sectarian premises in the centre of Belfast. RONALD KIDD,

The National Council for Civil Liberties, *Secretary*
Morley House, 320, Regent Street, London, W.1.

A GUILDSMAN'S MEMORIES

SIR,—Will you permit me to comment very shortly upon Mr. G. D. H. Cole's review (Dec. 17th) of my book, *Pilgrim to the Left*?

He thinks I ought to have had a good deal to say about myself and the interesting personalities with whom I have had contact; that my account of the Guild movement and the Building Guild is jejune and unsatisfying; and that my account of the Building Guild's collapse, "while it may be substantially correct in its emphasis, is much too short and uninformative." Finally, "the House of Industry may be a good or bad idea; but nobody can tell from the picture of it here what the idea is."

I have before me about forty reviews, some long, some short; some by writers at least as well informed about these methods as Mr. Cole. On all of these points Mr. Cole stands alone.

Several of these reviews refer to my pen portraits of my contemporaries. There are about seventy of these. One of your distinguished weekly contemporaries devotes most of a column to my personality as disclosed in the book. Either my critics saw what wasn't there or Mr. Cole didn't see what was there.

Two chapters are given to Guild Socialism and two more to the Building Guild. Four chapters out of twenty-eight, in a Memoir covering fifty years, seems to me adequate. In addition, there is a long chapter on "Orage and the *New Age*," which leads up to the "Guilds Idea." My critics seize upon these chapters as by far the most interesting, the account of the Building Guild being described as dramatic and Labour readers are urged to study them. To be "substantially correct in my emphasis" was precisely what was aimed at. I was writing my Memoirs and not a history of the Building Guild. That may come later; but I am verging on my seventieth year.

The chapter on the House of Industry is historically correct and detailed both in its principles and purpose. Mr. Cole does not like the idea.

The ways of reviewers are, naturally enough, always puzzling to the unhappy author. One of them agrees with Mr. Cole that the earlier chapters are the best; but about twenty other reviewers derive greater pleasure and more quotations from the later chapters.

Finally, notwithstanding my explicit statement as to the origin of Guild Socialism, Mr. Cole refers to me "as the originator, jointly with the late A. R. Orage." The topic is distasteful; but I have the most definite and legal proof that I was the sole author of "National Guilds," out of which grew the Guild Socialist movement. Mr. Orage was, of course, my most brilliant collaborator in the propaganda. S. G. HOBSON

Little Brickhill, Nr. Bletchley.

PERCY DEARMER

SIR,—I am writing a life of my late husband, Dr. Percy Dearmer, and I should appreciate it if anyone with letters or documents likely to assist me would be so good as to send me copies.

48 Jubilee Place, Chelsea, S.W.3. NAN DEARMER

We are glad to acknowledge the following further sums for Spanish Relief: H. A. Bulley, T. R. Milford, Lady Schuster, E. V. Thompson, X.Y.Z. (£5); E. H., Eric O. Pearson (£3); Seven Invernessians (£2 10s.); Elizabeth E. Whitley (£2); W. C. Sellar (£1 10s.); J. and R. Davy and Hugh Saxton (£1 5s.); Milton J. Barham, St. John and M. Boucheron, J. W. Hartley (£1 1s.); Anon. (2), J. M. G. Blakiston, P. Chadwick, H. Colin Davis, J. K. Given, Nora Gregson, Gertrude Orton, W. A. R., Suffolk Reader, W. H. and Phyllis Walsh, A. W. Wilson, Violet Woods (£1); Ronald Chapman (15s.); E. A. Rainbow (12s. 6d.); H. Hall (12s.); A. L., Agnes C. Baker, C. A. Furbank, A. Hartley, D. M. J., M. Lush, Rex P. Reggiori, W. J. S., C. F. Simpson, Bessie Tassell, R. G. W., Collected in Poole, Dorset, from a Working Man (10s.); R. M. C. (8s. 6d.); Anon., Mr. Wilkins (6s.); T. A. Herbert, K. P. Hopkinson, W. F. Lane (5s.); T. E. Smith (3s. 6d.); Marjorie Mactier (3s.); Frank Pettersson (2s. 6d.); I. Munro (6d.); Gay R. Wilkie (£3).

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

JOHN SKELTON is the only English poet between Chaucer and Wyatt whose work any ordinary person is likely to read for its own sake. There is Chaucer in 1375, as fresh as the day he wrote; then a century and a quarter without an English poet writing in English, whom one reads for pleasure. Then comes John Skelton, whose poems date from about 1500 till 1529 when he died. Wyatt, an incomparably greater poet in my opinion, started writing in 1528, and a generation later the flood of English poetry began. Skelton is a poet who was for long completely neglected, or mentioned only with contempt since the few who were not offended by his coarseness were put off by his tendency to prolong his poems into a diffuse doggerel. It was thus reserved for two original writers of what Mr. G. M. Young has dubbed "the dirty twenties," Robert Graves and Richard Hughes, to bring forward this great and original poet. Hughes's selection of Skelton's Poems (Heinemann 1924) was followed by Philip Henderson's edition of *The Complete Poems* in 1931, and *John Skelton* by L. J. Lloyd (Blackwell, 10*s.* 6*d.*) now provides the first account of Skelton's life to be printed as a separate book. The trouble is that not very much is known for certain about him. Skelton probably came from a family in the North Country, but it is possible that he may have been born in Norfolk. On the other hand, the Norfolk Skeltons may have been Sheltons. There is a certain pleasure to be got from this sort of thing . . . and I should be ungracious to grudge Mr. Lloyd his learning. But wherever born, Skelton was educated at Cambridge and afterwards received the laurel wreath from both Oxford and Cambridge and became one of the tutors of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII. Mr. Lloyd quotes the Venetian ambassador's account of the extraordinary accomplishments of Henry as a young man and says:

> It would be manifestly unfair to deny Skelton at least something of the credit for this round of accomplishment. He cannot have failed to be a stimulating teacher, enthusiastic and skilful: again and again Henry's mind must have caught fire from such a man . . . there is nothing fanciful in the suggestion that Skelton encouraged his pupil to explore the literature of his own country, to read the works of the great triumvirate, Chaucer, Lydgate, and Gower.

This method of writing a biography may exasperate some readers:

> It is easy to see Skelton looking forward eagerly, now that his appointment as Henry's tutor has come to an end, to a quiet retirement among admiring and congenial friends, in the midst of a countryside that he knows and loves, and had explored as a boy. . . . He was probably as happy at Diss as he would have been anywhere else.

There is not the slightest ground to believe Skelton was a good teacher, or that Henry's mind was set on fire. The Prince never was moved to do anything for his old tutor. The chances are at least as great that he forgot him, or thought him a bore. Nor would it reflect on Skelton's position as a poet, or our interest in him if Henry felt for him what a Prince of Wales might normally be expected to feel for a don. Again, why should we wish to imagine that Skelton lived surrounded by a circle of admiring friends at Diss? Mr. Lloyd, and other scholars in similar situations, put in all this hypothetical padding into the records of their researches out of *modesty*, because they fear to bore us with the bald facts. In this case it is hoped to interest stupid people, who will probably not read Skelton's poetry anyway, with a picture of the gifted and unworldly writer forming the mind of a great king and retiring to a quiet vicarage in Norfolk. It is a pity, for Mr. Lloyd is interesting and enlightening when he comes to discuss the relations of Skelton, a medievalist, with the new learning of the English Renaissance.

* * *

My chief reason for objecting to the padding is that it blurs the vivid picture recorded for us by the hearsay stories. In *The merie tales of Maister John Skelton*, which appeared after his death, there is the story that the vicar of Diss had several children by a young woman whom he treated as his wife. This led to scandal, whereupon Skelton held forth as follows in his church:

> I am a man as you be: you have foule wyves, and I have a faire wenche, of the whych I have begotten a fayre boye. And he, shewinge his childe naked to all the parishe, sayde, How says you neighbours all? is not this childe as fayre as is the best of all yours? It hath nose, eyes, handes and feete, as well as any of your: it is not like a pygge, nor a calfe, nor like no foule nor no monstruous beast. If I had, sayde Skelton, broughte forth thys chylde without armes or legges, or that it wer deformed, being a monstruous thyng, I woulde never have blamed you to have complayned to the bishop of me but to complain without a cause I say, as I said before in my antethem, *vos estis*, you be, and have be, and wyll and shall be knaves, to complayne of me wythout a cause resonable.

Mr. Lloyd says, and I agree, "One is tempted to believe the whole story," but on the next page is talking about Skelton's "passionate attachment to a Church which he saw almost entirely discredited." I find no reason to think that because Skelton was a good poet he was a serious character, or that his revilings were an indication of a deep reforming purpose. *The Tunnynge of Elenour Rummynge* shows that Skelton had a love of invective as such and that he enjoyed describing the drabs and sluts running off to pawn all their possessions for Elenour's brew of noppy ale:

Some wenches come unlaced,
Some huswyves come unbrased,
Wuth theyr naked pappes,
That flyppes and flappes;
It wygges and it wagges,
Lyke tawny saffron bagges;
. . . Some wyth a sho clout
Bynde theyr heddes about;

. . . Some loke strawry,
Some cawry mayry;
Full untydy tegges,
Lyke rotten egges.
Suche a lewde sorte
To Elynour resorte. . . .

There is a jolly careless strength in the poem, but it is when Skelton stops railing, satirising Wolsey, attacking at infinite length the curate who brought his hawke into church, that he shows what a fine poet he is:

Mirry Margaret,
As mydsomer flowre,
Jentill as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre;
With solace and gladnes,
Moche mirthe and no madnes,
All good and no badnes. . . .

"Beastly Skelton," as Pope called him, was never happier than in comparing women with flowers:

She is the vyolet,
The daysy delectable,
The columbine commendable,
The jelofer amyable;

This list of flowers recurs in the description of unhappily married Marione who was "caught with a colde colde," and died of it.

This jelofer jentyll, this rose, this lylly flowre,
This primerose pereles, this propre vyolet,
This columbine clere and fresshest of coloure,
This delicate daysy, this strawbery pretely set,
With frowarde frostis, alas, was all to-fret!
But who may have a more ungracyous lyfe
Than a childis birde and a knavis wyfe?

Like many others of my generation I first turned to Skelton after reading Robert Graves' poem on him, and nothing that any scholar or critic can say tells one more about him than the lines beginning:

What could be dafter
Than John Skelton's laughter?
What sound more tenderly
Than his pretty poetry?
So where to rank old Skelton?
He was no monstrous Milton.

And with that, and the thought that his wenche was the fairest, and his child the best shaped in the parish, we feel we know him.

DAVID GARNETT

"We require from buildings, as from men, two kinds of goodness : first, the doing their practical duty well : then that they be graceful and pleasing in doing it ; which last is itself another form of duty . . . "

"*The Stones of Venice.*" *Vol. 1.* RUSKIN

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THE ARAB CASE

The Arab Awakening. By GEORGE ANTONIUS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

There is no doubt that this book appears at an opportune moment in the vexed tangle of Palestine affairs. On the eve of a conference, when far-reaching decisions may be made, it is important that all available information should be accessible not only to the persons engaged but to the public, whose interest in this particular area is apt to be more enthusiastic than well-informed. The information here provided is not only in great part new, but it has been collected with most conscientious accuracy, and is presented in an interesting manner; the book fills a gap which has long been felt by all students of Near Eastern affairs.

Jewish views have been set forth in many and able ways; but the Arab is bad at stating his case; he has nothing like the background of knowledge to rely on which the Jew accidentally commands in his English public; and the Government officials who are familiar with him, and would be the natural exponents of his views, are made inarticulate by the very fact of being officials. It is therefore all the more important to have at this juncture so candid, temperate and convincing an exposition of the Arab case as this excellent and scholarly book provides.

Perhaps the most interesting because the least-known portion of the story is that which deals with the first history of the Arab movement for emancipation. Few readers will not be surprised to learn that it began as early as 1847. After the fleeting dream of empire conceived by Muhammad Ali had passed away, the Arab lands lay dormant under the Turk until awakened in an unexpected manner by Christian missionary effort and the consequent revival of education. The Society of Arts and Sciences was started in Beirut in 1847. From then to the open declaration of the Arab revolt in June, 1916, a constant succession of active societies, first open and linguistic, then secret and political, kept the soul of anti-Turk nationalism alive.

> Everywhere I came upon the same abiding and universal sentiment: hatred of the Turks. . . . The notion of concerted action to throw off the detested yoke is gradually shaping itself. . . . An Arab movement, newly risen, is looming in the distance; and a race hitherto down-trodden will presently claim its due place in the destinies of Islam.

This was written in 1882 by Denis de Rivoyre.

This first part of Mr. Antonius's book is the more valuable because the data collected for it are chiefly those of personal reminiscences of members of these secret societies, now old men, whose testimony must soon be lost for ever.

The history of Sherif Husain and his dealings with the British in Egypt, the gradual preliminary to the revolt, and the documents which are now first given their full value, are essential texts for anyone who wishes to understand later developments. Mr. Antonius has a good case when he stresses the value of Arab support at that time, and points out that it should be judged not only on actual military assistance afforded, but on the fact that the Sherif's alliance with the Turk would have involved us in the incalculable complications of a Holy War throughout the Moslem world.

Kitchener, preoccupied with the latent dangers of the German position in Turkey, anxious to stem the tide that rolled ominously toward India, was quick to see the peculiar value to us of an Arab alliance.

> Among the statesmen of the Entente, no one perhaps was more alive to the dangers of the position in the Arab world than Kitchener; and it must remain to his credit and that of Ronald Storrs that they were the first to think of meeting them by the bold stroke of an alliance with Mecca. . . . The great service which Husain rendered to the Allied cause in relation with the Holy War was one which no one else was in a position to render. . . Husain had two outstanding assets which were not possessed by any of his neighbours. One was the strategic advantage of his position at the centre of the Turkish power in the peninsula. . . The other was the incomparable asset of his prestige in the Moslem world. . . He was lord of Mecca. . . . There was no other . . . who, by withholding his endorsement, could rob the call to Holy War of its principal thunderbolt.

This passage is of particular interest since the circumstances which inspired Kitchener's judgment have lost none of their validity to-day. So long as Islam and India remain active elements in the British world, friendship with the Arab peninsula in general and with the lord of Mecca in particular must be a corner-stone of our policy.

The chapters that deal with the war are vivid and interesting. Familiar figures appear incisive in thumbnail sketches. Here is Jemal Pasha (whose remarkable feat in reaching the Suez canal is not noticed quite as much as it deserves).

> There was that in the grandiloquence of his first utterances, and of the proclamations to the army that betokened an inner futility. In his three years in Syria, he was to reveal himself a mediocre general but a keen and energetic administrator, a complacent and gullible politician and—whenever his passions were aroused—something of a ruffian.

Of the appalling horrors of famine endured by the people of the coast, due—it must be said in fairness—as much to their own capitalists as to the Turks, Mr. Antonius gives no exaggerated account. The present writer, who first went to the Lebanon in 1927, remembers the derelict misery of those hillsides, pitted with empty villages, whose doors, windows and roofs had been sold bit by bit as the inmates died of hunger.

A note of bitterness creeps into the story in the baffling years after the war. Revolt and anger followed the so-called freeing of the Arabs in Syria, Iraq and Palestine. We are apt to think of these as separate entities and to forget that it is indeed we ourselves who, largely against their will, partitioned their loose and quarrelsome homogeneity into separate nations; their various revolts are so many pieces in a general pattern whose background is the same.

Our own part in the drama was not ill-intentioned; and though we were unable to do much in Syria, where the conflict with French ideas was insurmountable and our difficulties are perhaps not given their full weight—the record in Iraq is pleasanter and has borne fruits of friendly co-operation in the fullness of time. Iraq has gained its independence; and it is hard to read this book and not realise that the precedent set by one of these Arab states (and the least advanced among them) will eventually be followed by all. Syria is already on the way. As for Palestine—we cannot but agree with Mr. Antonius in his concluding pages, and hope that they may help to remedy that "remoteness of the indispensable Arabic sources" which, as he truly says, "vitiates the stream of day-to-day information" and "has militated against real fairness even in the works of neutral and fair-minded historians" of a nation which, at the end of the war, was composed of 90 per cent. of Arabs and less than 8 per cent. of Jews.

The Palestine Arab, he tells us,

> Denotes nowadays not merely the incomers from the Arabian peninsula who occupied the country in the seventh century, but also the older populations who intermarried with their conquerors, acquired their speech, customs, and ways of thought and became permanently Arabised. The traditions of the present inhabitants are as deeply rooted in their geographical surroundings as in their adoptive culture, and it is a fallacy to imagine that they could be induced to transplant themselves, even to other Arab surroundings, any more than the farmers of Kent or Yorkshire could be induced to go and settle in Ireland.

The problem has become, in their eyes, a problem of self-preservation, largely through the fault of our Governments in never guaranteeing to the Arab a certain majority in his own country, now and in the future.

> Violence cannot provide a solution. . . . By resorting to it, the Arabs have certainly attracted an earnest attention to their grievances, which all their peaceful representations in Jerusalem, in London and in Geneva had for twenty years failed to do. But violence defeats its own ends. . . . Nothing but harm can come of the terror raging in Palestine; but the wise way to put an end to it is to remove the causes which have brought it about.

FREYA STARK

THREE'S COMPANY

Trio. By OSBERT, EDITH and SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

This book contains half a dozen lectures on "Some Aspects of the National Genius"—a unity of design which hardly mitigates the patchwork effect. The first four lectures are even scrappy within themselves, Mr. Osbert Sitwell's being drawn largely, and rather carelessly, from his book on Dickens, and Miss Edith Sitwell's from her book on modern poetry. But the tone of all is fresh, independent and appreciative—qualities rare, in our time, among the self-respecting, and quite enough to make a scrap-book pleasant to read.

Mr. Osbert Sitwell is the scrappiest and most genial. His two lectures—"Dickens and the Modern Novel," and "The Modern Novel: its Cause and Cure"—are both, in reality, about Dickens and little else. I need not say he is a Dickensian. In his view, a writer ought to have the peculiarities of his country strongly

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A three-fold policy of agricultural development, supplemented by the sustained efforts of the Islanders.
By HENRY G. PILLING, C.M.G., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of St. Helena.

THE CROWN COLONIST, 33 TOTHILL ST., WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1

developed: though, he observes, this will never recommend an English genius to an English highbrow. It won't indeed. The highbrows refer to Dickens, with a blush, as "parochial," and imagine him being unspeakably looked down on by the "adult" writers across the Channel. And the comic thing is that the adult writers they so yearn to propitiate are and always have been a thousand miles from this genteel attitude of superiority. Those who would like to think well of Dickens, but have not the courage, should reflect that they will be exposing themselves in company with Tolstoi, Dostoevski, and Proust. They should reflect that on the Continent, and in France especially, this despised author has had a vogue far beyond that of any English novelist except Richardson. And I don't see why they shouldn't be reminded that Flaubert, who made such a fuss about his art, only made it because he was deficient in *souffle*. We have his own word for that. "The very great men often write very badly, and *tant mieux pour eux*. It is not in them one must expect form. They are great *parce qu'ils n'ont pas de procédés* . . . they triumph in despite of all their faults, and because of them. We, the little people, are nothing without *une exécution achevée*."

So, after all, the English have a Continental licence to admire Dickens, and even to place him above Flaubert if they choose. Mr. Osbert Sitwell does not go quite as far as that, but he has the extreme audacity to rank them as equals.

In detail he strikes out very little that is new, and small blame to him, but he says a number of things that are true and forcible. About Dickens's style, for instance, and his "exaggeration," and the lawfulness of "flat" characters. And how could the inevitable grand climax of every plot be described more neatly than as "a Virtue v. Vice Cup Final"? One may think him a shade too ready to accept the will for the deed; for example, he will have it that Dickens was uncommonly good at "gentlemen."

> Who could draw a better portrait of Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock in *Bleak House* than Dickens drew, for he was sufficiently removed from the country magnate to perceive him in his full splendour and strength; who could better portray the innocent and pompous atmosphere of Dedlock Hall, so full of ennui, and the whole machine of country and county?

Though there is a kind of large poetical truth in the Dedlock scenes, this doctrine of "being removed" from a subject (i.e., not knowing it at all intimately) as a basis for understanding it seems rather perverse; place the Dedlocks beside Mr. Guppy, and it collapses.

Having acknowledged the badness of Dickens's sweeter vein, he goes on: "It may be that the sickly passages alluded to help to preserve throughout the book an absolute function of integral balance which is of actual esthetic service to it." If this means we are to approve of the badness as such, it is a hard saying. But it can be taken in another light. Dickens at the full blast of his energy—macabre, hilarious, fantastic—would, in fact, be intolerable through a long book; periods of contrast and reassurance ought to occur, and though he often (not always) made a mess of them, they are better sickly than absent.

Mr. Sitwell's "cure" for the novel is to refresh it by the use of fresh *procédés*; he suggests "the principles of the cinema and the microscope." (Only, have new *procédés* been lacking? is not their abundance a symptom of the disease?) He concludes: "We must not sacrifice the tradition of Dickens, a national genius of the first order, on the altar of some more logical, though perhaps equally great novelist such as Flaubert. . . . The Gothic Englishman, by his nature, must be free to build his pinnacles and indulge in his unnecessary, but picturesque, flying buttresses."

I was about to agree, when I remembered Jane Austen on the one hand, and Flaubert on the other. As we all revere him so much, let us have some respect for his opinions. Flaubert, apparently, did not think the "irregular genius," the *grand homme sans procédés*, was unFrench; along with Shakespeare he mentions Rabelais and Victor Hugo. This talk about the genius of a country is rather dangerous.

The other papers, not being single in their theme, are less easy to write about. In "Three Eras of Modern Poetry," Miss Edith Sitwell reviews a number of poets, from Austin Dobson to Mr. Dylan Thomas, with extracts, and sometimes a detailed analysis of vowel sounds. A fair amount of space is given to her brothers' poetry, a fair amount to the elucidation of her own images, and the demonstration that she is not a Dadaist. In the Augustan age, she explains, the outward form of poetry was architectural; in the Romantic age it was musical; now it is "the sister of horticulture"—the poem should grow, naturally but irregularly, like a flowering plant. Miss Sitwell is a generous reader, admiring a great many styles, and praising them warmly; and her severities are frank and likeable. But her mind is so peculiarly her own that not all who share its conclusions will be able to reach them by the same path.

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, alone of the three, has composed his lectures; he alone seems to be aware of an audience, and he must have lost a good deal in print. Just to read, there is a want of substance in these two papers. Yet *Palladian England*, though the slightest, is the most successful thing in the book. A few buildings, a few words on Pope and Mozart and the Duke of Wellington—an elegant nothing; at the same time, a charming little work of art. *George Cruikshank*, with lantern slides, may have been equally delightful to listen to; the effect is rather spoilt here, as we have constantly to look off the page at the illustration. It is very agreeable for all that. K. JOHN

CIVILISATION BY AND LARGE

The Will to Civilisation. By JOHN KATZ. *Secker and Warburg.* 12s. 6d.

This is an important and formidable book, stiff to read—for Mr. Katz is no stylist—difficult to grasp in its main thesis—for Mr. Katz has no great art of exposition, and states and restates, advances and goes back on his tracks—yet eminently deserving of study. It is in form an inquiry into the principles underlying changes in civilisations directed to the practical aim of diagnosing the fundamental need of our own, and indicating how it may be satisfied. Its scope, then,—I had almost said its intention—is that of Spengler, but I withdraw "intention," since Spengler's fatalistic theory required him to accept the doom of civilisation as inevitable. There was for him no question of cure. For Mr. Katz emphatically there is. He differs from Spengler in regarding civilisation as the result of a dialectical process of which the two dialectically opposed forces are creativity and unity, each phase of the process gathering up and incorporating within itself the preceding phase. In the first stage of historical development men's energies are entirely absorbed in the struggle against nature. This is the stage of the clan, which is a unity. There follows an outburst of man's creative spirit, which ushers in the next stage represented by the urban civilisations of antiquity. Urban civilisation solved the primitive problem of man's relation with nature only to bring into prominence the problem of his relation with his fellow men. Life in the desert or the Arctic is at least not boring, but having come to terms with their external environment, the city dwellers found that they had now to solve the problem of coming to terms with themselves. The failure to solve this problem leads to boredom and disillusionment with the civilisation which is regarded as responsible for the failure.

> Recurrently throughout history, men have looked upon civilisation, this work of their minds and hands, and have pronounced it to be a vanity of vanities. On the day of disillusionment, the will to civilisation becomes paralysed. Men having lost faith in civilisation lose faith in themselves.

Born of man's disillusionment, there appear the religious teachers, promising escape from the unreal into the real and compensation for the present in the hereafter. It is no accident, says Mr. Katz, that the four great sages of the ancient world, Jeremiah in Judah, Buddha in India, Confucius in China, Plato in Greece, arose during the same epoch between 600 and 400 B.C., when the psychological crisis of the ancient urban civilisations was reaching its height. Of the religions that were then founded two, Christianity and Buddhism, became world-wide in scope and claim. They sought to give a new unity to man's life, and, in so far as they triumphed, they represented the victory of the unity principle in the dialectic. But in exalting unity, they suppressed creativity;

> The Church repudiates as sinful not only the state's assertion of its power, but even such humane expressions of activity as the arts and sciences. Every exercise of power, every form of self-expression—nay, life itself—becomes, in the Church epoch, a sinful assertion of the creature against the Creator, or, in pantheistic systems, an illusory separation of the individual from the universe. The Church stands for unity without creativity; it has no room for man as a creator.

In due course the spirit of creativity again breaks through and produces the Renaissance, which establishes a second urban civilisation and ultimately issues in the triumph of science and technology. But, once again, the members of an urban civilisation find themselves starved in respect of their need for unity.

> Creativity is pattern maker to civilisation. And the pattern maker converts his creativity into power. . . . Protestantism, capitalism and

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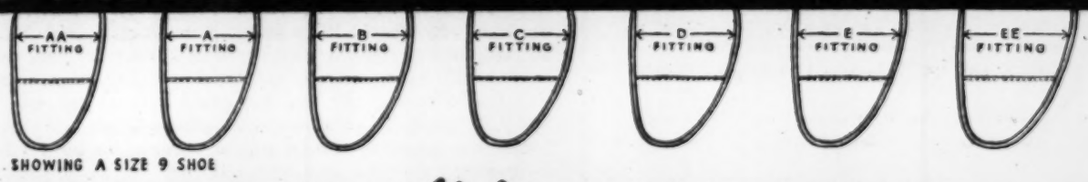

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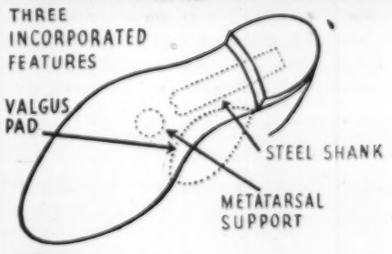

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laissez-faire have, in the modern epoch, all combined to heighten the power of the individual pattern maker and to depress the community's sense of its own value.

Now men need not only to express themselves, but to identify themselves with a whole which is larger than themselves. They need, in a word, to feel themselves to be members of a unity which contains also their fellow men. This feeling of being a member, however little regarded, of a whole which transcends the self men enjoyed in the Middle Ages, but have ceased to enjoy. It is in the light of an attempt to remedy this need that the movements that have resulted in the totalitarian States may be most fruitfully interpreted; but Mr. Katz gives reasons for thinking that these cannot permanently fill the bill.

We are, then, living in a time which is analogous to that when the breakdown of the first urban civilisations was followed by the birth of the great religions. "We are passing through the second general crisis of urban civilisation. The outcome of the first was the establishment of the universal Churches: the Buddhist and the Christian." What will be the outcome of the second? Perhaps "a society even more extensive than the universal Churches, and yet one that has not lost its faith in man as the creator of civilisation."

How is this "Great Society," as Mr. Katz calls it, to be envisaged? Here I find him unsatisfactory. Beyond telling us that it will be totalitarian, and that Soviet Russia constitutes the first approximation to it, he leaves us in the dark. Russia is praised because in Russia men still find life worth while, believe in progress, are imbued by a common purpose, and have faith in the civilisation which they are creating. Witness, for example, the rising birth-rate. Russia, then, is the only country in Europe in which men are not either suffering from disillusionment with civilisation, or, as in Germany, disguising from themselves the fact of their disillusionment by artificial re-creations of the past.

This bald summary of the argument gives small indication of the scope of the book. The author's learning is prodigious; he is equally familiar with the primitive civilisations of Egypt, India, Rome and China, with the origins of Christianity and the interpretation of Karl Marx. His book is the product of a full mind, and for its adequate appreciation demands a quiet one. If I were to venture a criticism, it would be that the concept of civilisation remains obscure. What, after all, does Mr. Katz mean by it? There is a definition:

> Everything that results from human creativeness, whether an example of "internal" culture such as the song on the lips of a tribal singer, or an "external" artifact such as the primitive instrument accompanying the song, would all be included in "mandom."

Now "mandom" is a neutral word for civilisation. But if civilisation is merely the sum total of the results of human expressiveness, why should it be worth preserving? Had Mr. Katz pointed out that some civilisations were good, some bad, urged us to have faith in those which were good and welcome with satisfaction the collapse of the bad, one could have understood. Resolutely, however, he refuses to affix ethical labels. Why then, I repeat the question, should we be required to have "faith in civilisation" as such? And why, more particularly, should absence of "faith in civilisation" lead to its collapse? At the moment Western civilisation is in danger of destruction precisely because of men's willingness to fight for the creeds which are expressions of their spirit and the codes which are embodiments of their standards of value. A little less enthusiasm, a little more disillusion on the continent of Europe, and we might yet be saved. Mr. Katz is a professed empiricist who wages war on what he calls metaphysics in all its forms. I charge him, then, with a metaphysical conception of civilisation and a metaphysical idealisation of faith in civilisation.

C. E. M. JOAD

A MUSICIAN'S VADE-MECUM

The Oxford Companion to Music. By PERCY A. SCHOLES. *Oxford.* 21s.
The Macmillan Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians. By ALBERT E. WEIR. *Macmillan.* 42s.

Dr. Scholes's book will delight all music-lovers, and incidentally will be extremely useful to anyone professionally connected with the art. The possession of Grove does not absolve you from buying the Oxford Companion, for you will find a very great deal in the latter that is either absent in the former or only summarily dealt with. Dr. Scholes' biographies of composers are necessarily briefer than those in Grove; but where the latter (1910 edition)

contents itself with half a column on composition, Dr. Scholes provides sixteen, treating the subject from all angles and dividing it up so as to make reference easy. Indeed, one of the writer's main objects seems to have been to enable the reader to find exactly what he wants *all at once*, instead of compelling him to one of those multiple searches so well known to users of this type of book. The article on opera, for instance, contains, among a great deal else, chronological lists of all the principal operas produced by different countries; and each long article is preceded by an index of contents. Reference to any individual opera will discover, apart from the date of production, only a précis of the libretto—an admirable idea, much more useful to the average reader than criticism of the music. Particularly noteworthy are the general articles, such as that on the Profession of Music, which deals with all the various institutions and organisations for musical performance and tuition, or those on the history of music in each country.

The style of the book is urbane, impartial, eminently readable and sometimes (e.g., on music under the Nazi regime) slyly amusing. Reference to controversial figures, such as Busoni or Pfitzner, will show how well Dr. Scholes knows the business of imparting facts and then allowing the reader to draw his own conclusions.

But this is not all. The book is full of acute reflections on all departments of musical technique. Speaking of Emotional Time-Periods in Composition, the writer says:

> To take a simple instance, an ordinary sixteen measure of Mozart . . . passes through so many different phases of emotional expression that only an actor declaiming the meditations of a very unstable character in a moment of high excitement could equal it. Clearly music is the most flexible of the arts and hence the most capable of expressing a rapid play of changing emotion.

That is a contribution to musical criticism, and is only one taken at random.

Sometimes, of course, one meets with what may seem an eccentric remark, such as that the libretto of *Wozzeck* "is decidedly of the old-fashioned sentimental German type"; but occasional oddities of this kind are inevitable, given the vast scope of the book, and are not important.

The photographs are many and comprehensive (another improvement on Grove), and they range from illustrations of instruments, reproductions of old prints and of scores, through pictures of all the most important figures in the history of music, to photographs of Schönberg's "spirit" drawings. On the other hand, one cannot but deplore the introduction of the "fantasy" portraits of great composers contributed by "Batt." Such things are out of place in a book of reference.

The Macmillan Encyclopedia is edited and compiled by an American, for Americans. Its scope is large and its 2,089 vast pages of necessity contain a great deal of information. But for Europeans its usefulness is not to be compared with that of the Oxford Companion. The entries are mostly short, abrupt, perfunctory, and expressed in a manner simple to the point of naïveté. "Composition," for instance, to which Dr. Scholes devotes sixteen erudite and suggestive columns, is disposed of by Mr. Weir in seven lines; while the latter allows seven columns to a list of American operas composed between 1730 and 1938. One would like to know details of the contents of this enormous and intriguing list; but reference to the individual composers and operas finds Mr. Weir in a mood of reticence. On the whole, allowing for the inevitable boasting, I think the blurb on the wrapper gives a fair idea of this portentous Mrs. Beeton.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

DEMOCRATIC SWEDEN

Democratic Sweden. Edited by MARGARET COLE and CHARLES SMITH. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

Sweden—Ancient and Modern. Published by the SWEDISH TRAFFIC ASSOCIATION. *George Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

King Gustave of Sweden. By BASIL HERBERT. *Stanley Paul.* 15s.

When Marquis Child wrote *Sweden, the Middle Way*, he spoiled the Swedish people by adulation which even they knew to be excessive. Ever since then a comprehensive, objective study by suitable authorities has been necessary. Brilliantly edited by Margaret Cole and Charles Smith, *Democratic Sweden* is a survey of the Swedish political and economic scene by the New Fabian Research Bureau which will serve this need for many years to

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come. The book is divided into three parts: (1) government and politics; (2) the Swedish economy, and (3) social conditions and policy. Special appendices on liquor control, nationalised football pools and holidays with pay, complete the volume.

In addition to Mr. Child's theory of the middle way, which is now, for once and all, suitably rejected, the existence of a democratic Sweden, in a world where democratic rights are becoming extinct, and the encroachments of the dictatorial nations are menacing, makes it a fascinating laboratory specimen to which social scientists of the world can come and draw comparisons with their particular social systems. In her introduction, Mrs. Cole admits that many persons have sought to draw from the Swedish experiment guiding principles for the British parties of the Left, while others believed that the differences between British and Swedish conditions were so great as to make comparisons futile. In addition, it was found that there was a great lack of definite information not only about the achievements and character of Swedish social democracy but about the whole foreground of Swedish politics; thus, the present Fabian Research expedition and *Democratic Sweden*.

In the eighteen studies and appendices which compose the volume, the dynamics of Sweden's transition from a diffuse economic and social entity in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to its present state as an integrated and evolving bourgeois country are excellently interpreted and explained. The absence of great differences in income levels as well as the homogeneity of Swedish outlook and opinion, due in the main to the fact that it has no minorities, provides an important clue to the ease with which Socialist and co-operative enterprises have been able to compete with private enterprise. It also explains why Sweden, though it is not by any means a classless state, is not class-ridden in the same sense as is Britain. In Sweden there are neither the depressed areas nor the huge, individual fortunes of Britain; Sweden is not an empire. Thus it has no mythical international dignity to maintain that might enmesh it in worthless wars. Because it cannot hope to be a determining force, or even a lever of world power-politics, it is a compact society, slowly moving towards a solution of its problems in a manner not contrary to the needs of each individual citizen. This, as Mrs. Cole points out, is due chiefly to the fact that "there is no class or financial domination to be broken, and no rich interests vested firmly in the prevalence of poverty, ignorance, and crime."

Four papers in this volume stand out for their special competence: *Power* by Graeme Haldane, *Wages and the Cost of Living* by G. R. Mitchison, *Education* by Margaret Cole, and *Publishing, Press and Radio* by Raymond Postgate. It is to be regretted that the appendix on Liquor Control is so brief. Certainly, this subject, which to many persons is one of the sore thumbs of Swedish life, deserved more than a scant two pages.

Sweden—Ancient and Modern, which is published under the auspices of the Swedish Traffic Association with the economic assistance of the Government, aims at making Sweden better known to the English-speaking world. While the ultimate purpose of this volume is to entice foreign tourists to visit Sweden, it also offers a great deal of interesting material on historical traditions, the cultural and economic life of the country and Sweden's natural beauty, for the arm-chair, stay-at-home traveller. It has none of the coldness of an official Baedeker; its paragraphs are brief, explanatory though uncritical, and decidedly to the point. The book is handsomely printed, and photographs, maps and charts are found in profusion. Vernon Bartlett writes an intimate foreword that conveys a healthy and warm affection for the northern land and its people. It is a decidedly worth-while survey to be looked into and placed beside the silent, almost brooding dignity of *Democratic Sweden*.

At the age of 80, Gustave V of Sweden is still best known to the common citizen of the world as that tall, skinny king who plays doubles tennis with attractive young women partners. In a rather breezy journalese and unfettered by detailed references and too profound a knowledge of social-economic forces, Mr. Herbert has made of his subject a very human, democratic being who has always felt a deep connection with his people, based on principles of democracy rather than that of a high-caste tolerance of his subjects. In this study, which purports to be the first biography of Gustave yet published in English, Gustave is not the only main character. Indeed, it might better be described as a brief history of the Bernadotte line, for this latter occupies nearly half the volume. The details of Marshal Bernadotte's accession to the Swedish throne, his career as one of Napoleon's greater generals, his reign and that of his successors until Gustave, makes for fast, interesting reading. The efforts of this family, which is studded with men of great culture and liberal ideas, to bring Sweden into the ranks of thriving modern states, is admirably stressed. The spirit of the family seems to have been best expressed by Oscar II, Gustave's father, when he said, "I would rather have my people laugh at my economies than weep for my extravagance." For all the sketchiness of the portrait, I am sure that some future historian will be grateful to Mr. Herbert for his splendid collection of anecdotes concerning the foibles of the royal family.

ERIC ESTORICK

THE NEW PHAEDRUS

Interpretation in Teaching. By I. A. RICHARDS. *Kegan Paul.* 18*s.*

> RICHARDS: He then, who being ignorant of the truth catches at appearances, will only attain an art of rhetoric which is ridiculous and is not an art at all?
>
> 2.237: That may be expected.
>
> RICH: Shall I propose that we look for examples of good and bad art, according to our notion of them . . .?
>
> 2.237: Nothing could be better; and indeed I think that our previous argument has been too barren of illustrations.

Dr. Richards has therefore amplified, with the protocols of anonymous numbered pupils, his lectures on "The Philosophy of Rhetoric"; but the resulting book is also "a statement on the Application of Theory of Interpretation to General Education." Like the Platonic Socrates he has interwoven difficult controversial argument with a discussion of educational method. But there is here no sign of the man who seemed to enjoy a reputation for corrupting the youth. The Introduction is a wise, dignified, even eloquent, essay on the unique importance of language-study, more just to older disciplines than anything that Dr. Richards has yet written. He makes out an unanswerable case against the current Manuals of Grammar and Rhetoric and their power to stifle speculative interest, and, in passing, attacks educational psychology in a way that should flutter the Teachers' Training Colleges for their good.

The book falls into the divisions of the *Trivium*. The first, in which the pupils are shown comparing pieces of prose with criticisms of them, covers much the same ground as the earlier book and is full of promises of what is to follow in the later divisions. These can best be introduced by a sentence from p. 252:

> . . . it is clearly open to any opponent of Campbell's doctrine—of whom I am one—to remark. . . .

My first thought was: "He's made a mistake." At lunch I did a little practical criticism on my wife, who said at once: "It's ungrammatical." Our comments suggested alternative approaches to problems of language—mine tending towards Logic, the processes in a writer's mind; hers towards Usage. Dr. Richards rejects both the Doctrine of Usage and the Doctrine of the Correspondence between Language-forms and Thought-forms as accounts of Grammar. His argument is based on protocols commenting on a passage from Campbell's *Rhetoric*. The method insists more strongly than the argument that, whatever may be the supposed court of appeal in grammar, its *subject matter* is usage: slang, extreme cases of ellipse, etc., are purposely introduced for analysis in other exercises.

It is plainly Dr. Richards's concern to keep theory and technical terms at a distance: he gets coy or impatient when the protocols echo his own theories (and they do produce some great nonsense); and he gives an extremely interesting section to the use of Basic English for discussing meaning. This is important because without some such simplification the method is too difficult to be used in humbler places. There are frequent references to the gloom, bafflement and (not unnaturally) suspicion of pupils faced with passages for comment. Sometimes their efforts were preceded by hints from Dr. Richards, sometimes not.

A lot depends on these hints, for they raise at once the whole question of Grammatical and Rhetorical formulations and definitions. Very few pupils realised that "the form of the question" was one of the things they should properly discuss. In a very practical way, therefore, the discussion of "definition" which runs all through the book and is treated separately in a last chapter, *Freedom in Definition*, is its most important theme. Dr. Richards commits himself to a "purposive" theory of definition: "no definition has any authority apart from a purpose, or to bar us from other purposes." Of course, he says, the purpose *includes communication*. On a hint from W. E. Johnson he adds that the

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fundamental mode of definition is the act of pointing, and suggests that the optative rather than the indicative is the proper mood of definition.

But the difficulty is to know one's purpose without an antecedent definition. The type of a teacher's purpose is :

A wants to make B understand A's meaning

and attendant on it may be one or more of a number of subsidiary purposes : A's mind is not a vacuum before the immediate purpose dictates his definition. Is there any principle of stability in his meaning antecedent to the " purposive " adjustments of particular definitions ? On p. 196 Dr. Richards suggests four main (and very useful) headings in Basic English to divide the duties of words for the purpose of analysing language. He must, of course, deny that these are " fundamental definitions," but " this very simple apparatus of distinctions will be found to supply a surprisingly powerful analytical instrument." But does not the very purpose to analyse include understanding of modes of analysis ? Again, on pp. 385–6, discussing " exemplificatory, extensive, denotative definitions," Dr. Richards says : " What we are talking about . . . are a kind in so far as we call them by the same name ; but they need to be a kind in another way, and this other way is, we hope, the ground of our calling them by a common name." The book is not intended to go beyond such hope. It makes brilliantly clear the value of " purposive definition " as a *method in teaching*—see especially the chapter " What is Grammar ? "—but it fails, I think, to establish the purposive theory of definition. HUMPHRY HOUSE

A FORGOTTEN PIONEER

Fingerprints : History, Law, and Romance. By GEORGE WILTON WILTON, B.L. *Hodge*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The prosecution of criminals depends increasingly upon the evidence of " expert " witnesses, medical and technical. The expert witness has ceased to be a forensic joke and is reducing the jury to a sort of Reichstag with a function of obedience. Jurors accept, because they have no reason to doubt, the statements of fingerprint experts that the risk of duplication of the impression made by a single finger is as one in sixty-four thousand millions. No one is there to contradict this ; and every man, they are reminded, has ten fingers. Because of the police monopoly of the use of fingerprints in this country, all the experts are on the side of the prosecution. So their evidence tends to become stereotyped and their convictions are unshakable. The presence of a finger impression on a cash-box or a bottle in a burgled house probably means that the person who owns the finger was in that house at some time. There is a danger (which is not likely yet to become acute) that it may become invariably accepted as proof that he was there at the moment of the crime ; and it is merely a step further to a ready-made presumption that he is the criminal. There are obvious implications in this which give a special interest to any new work dealing with dactylography, and there will be some curiosity as to the purpose and authority of Mr. Wilton's book. As to its authority, Mr. Wilton, who is a K.C. and Sheriff-substitute for Lanark, is an advocate with over fifty years' experience and a lifelong interest in the exact science of identifying human beings, living and dead, by means of their fingerprints.

The purpose of this curious book, however, is one which its title does not suggest. It is at once a biography and a vindication of Dr. Henry Faulds, a Scottish medical missionary, who was first in the field (in 1880) with the recognition of the importance of finger-prints in the detection and classification of criminals. " It seems incredible," says the learned author, " that up to the present time Scotland Yard does not appear to be aware that this instrument was placed in its hands by Faulds." And in a style which calls to mind the italicised vehemence of the letters of Queen Victoria he marshals an impressive and, it seems to me, unchallengeable array of facts, quotations, dates, and documents to prove that it was. The amount of industry and research entailed in this eccentric pursuit, so apparent from the chapter-notes and the bibliography, seems worthy of a better cause until one realises that Mr. Wilton is defending a fellow-Scot against the world.

Thus the great names of finger-print history are paraded for the show-down. Sir William Herschel's conception of the use of finger-prints in relation to crime in India had the special object of preventing the friends of convicted criminals from serving their terms of imprisonment " for a consideration." Sir Francis Galton's interest in finger-prints was, at the material time, confined to matters affecting his investigations into race and heredity. Scotland Yard was from the first obstructive, sceptical, and unimaginative ; even when it accepted the potentialities of finger-prints it would admit them only as subsidiary to the Bertillon system. Mr. Harry Battley, lately chief of the New Scotland Yard Finger-Print Bureau, will learn that his Single Finger-Print System " has merit," which is almost as if he were told that he means well, perhaps the most devastating thing that can be said about anybody. English police officials generally are castigated—the figure of Inspector Lestrade haunts these pages ; the American police are treated more leniently because they have accorded some recognition to the work of Dr. Faulds ; and the Scottish police fare best of all, on grounds which seem mainly nationalist.

This unexpected atmosphere of special pleading in a cause which no one would now trouble to contest does a lot to obscure the merits of the book. Among these are an anthology of criminal cases, classified as to years and districts, in which finger-prints left at the scene of a crime have been solely, or mainly, responsible for a conviction, a bibliography which must include everything written in any language about finger-prints, in periodicals, books, and Government publications, and some interesting speculations as to what would have been the effect of finger-print evidence on such famous cases as those of Oscar Slater and the Tichborne claimant—but always with special regard to the world-wide conspiracy of exclusion to the detriment of Dr. Faulds. I, for one, am ready to lay hand on heart and say that I believe in Faulds. But what now ? C. H. ROLPH

IN DARKEST AFRICA

City Government. The Johannesburg Experiment. By JOHN MAUD. *Oxford*. 21*s*.

The Johannesburg City Council are to be congratulated on their courage in persuading Mr. Maud to write a history of the City's development. Instead of one of those reticent and voluminous chronicles of insignificant facts which official historians usually produce, Mr. Maud has found valour to be the better part of discretion, and given us a downright analysis of local politics. In City Government we are taken behind the scenes and shown the economic and social causes of Johannesburg's development, and the real structure of the administration and political machine. If Johannesburg comes out badly, it is not because its politics are much worse than those of other cities, but because its historian has been unusually candid.

City Government will be of especial interest to two classes of readers, those interested in the native problem and in local taxation. The Johannesburg Council has drawn its revenue chiefly from profits on its trading concerns (including even refuse disposal !) and has levied a rate only on property-*owners*. Since 1919 this rate has been limited to 7*d*. in the pound on the capital value of land alone. Unfortunately, since the City provides neither education nor hospital services, the experiment has little relevance to British conditions. It is clear that in Johannesburg the ratepayers are a favoured section of the community, whose contribution is kept down to a low level by extracting amazing profits from services which in some cases at least should be provided without any consideration of profit or loss. The truth seems to be that whatever system of local taxation you employ, the poor are made to bear the heaviest burden.

But the chief interest of the book lies in its study of a white democracy dealing with the native question. Over half of Johannesburg's population is coloured, disfranchised and oppressed. Whether we turn to slum-clearance, public health, recreation, or transport, we find the same story of white exploitation combined with callous neglect. Mr. Maud's story both of public corruption and of the degeneration of the white Labour Party is an indictment not of Johannesburg but of the whole structure of S. African society. Integrity is impossible—for long—in such a society.

It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Maud has tried to combine a " comparative pathology " of local government with his history of Johannesburg. The situation there is so peculiar that few comparisons of any value can be made ; and a fascinating piece of social history is interrupted by the attempt to do so. He is at his best when he is at his raciest exploring some juicy scandal or tersely commenting " For some years the annual expenditure on the natives and on the Zoo had roughly coincided."

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

AMBASSADORS. Spring Meeting. Wed., Fri.,

COLISEUM. Daily
Doorlay's Christmas Rocket.

DRURY LANE. Babes in the Wood. Daily 2.0

DUCHESS. The Corn is Green. W., S., 2.30

GLOBE. Robert's Wife. Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. The Flashing Stream. Wed. & Thurs.

PALACE. Under Your Hat Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

S. MARTIN'S. When We are Married. Tu., Fr.

SAVILLE. Geneva. Wed., Sat.

SAVOY. Treasure Island. Daily at 2.30

SHAFT'BURY. Good-bye, Mr. Chips. W., S.

STRAND. Banana Ridge. Thurs. & Sat.

VAUDEVILLE. Goodness, How Sad! Tu., F.

WESTMINSTER. Marco Millions. W., S.

WYNDHAM'S. Quiet Wedding. Wed. & Sat.

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Tues.,	Jan. 3rd,	8.30.	BALLET—THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, THE EMPEROR'S CLOTHES, BAISER de la FEE.
Wed.,	Jan. 4th,	7.15.	THE VALKYRIE (Wagner).
Thurs.,	Jan. 5th,	8.30.	BALLET—CARNAVAL, HOROSCOPE, THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS, FACADE.
Fri.,	Jan. 6th,	8.0.	RIGOLETTO.
Sat.,	Jan. 7th,	2.30.	BALLET—THE LORD OF BURLEIGH, CASSE-NOISETTE (in entirety).
Sat.,	Jan. 7th,	7.15.	THE VALKYRIE.

THEATRES

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesday & Friday, 2.30.
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MARIE TEMPEST. JOHN GIELGUD in
DEAR OCTOPUS. By DODIE SMITH.

RUDOLF STEINER HALL (CUN. 1331)
Dec. 31, Jan. 3, 4, 5, 7, 10, 11, 12, 14, at 2.30.
JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY'S CHILDREN'S THEATRE.
HARCOURT WILLIAMS.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
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FILMS and other notices appear on page 1143

PLAY SOCIETY

MR. DENNIS WHEATLEY will speak at the Meeting and Sherry Party given by The New Shop Window Play Society at Chesterfield House, Mayfair, on Jan. 6th, at 5.30 p.m.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 1143

Lhasa: The Holy City. By F. SPENCER CHAPMAN. *Chatto and Windus.* 21s.

Mr. Chapman's account of Lhasa in 1937 is likely to remain a document of historic interest. An explorer who twice accompanied Gino Watkins to Greenland might be expected to make an expedition into Tibet, but the author's present visit was in quite another capacity, that of private secretary to Mr. B. J. Gould, Political Officer of the 1937 Diplomatic Mission to Lhasa. As the representative of Progress, as he calls the alien influence of Great Britain, Mr. Chapman could not but feel that he was representing an element that is going to destroy the legend, if not the entire feudal-religious edifice of Tibet. The empty palaces of the Dalai Llama, through whose neglected seclusion members of the mission were free to ramble, making films and photographs, seem already to suggest disintegration. But for the rest, Mr. Chapman chronicles a feudal state in its prime, a powerful nobility and a wealthy Church. Accounts of all the secular and religious figures of any political importance in Lhasa, together with their portraits, are included. Mr. Chapman does full justice to the ability as well as to the hospitality of those who received the Mission. His criticisms are on orthodox British lines. He dislikes the Chinese, and the filth of Lhasa streets, the corruption of the Church (here Mr. Chapman has bethought him of history textbooks on the Reformation) and the feudal dungeons. Such things as slums and concentration camps are naturally forgotten by a Diplomatic Mission half a world away from them, and in any case it does not affect the main issue, which is that Tibet needs arms. Upon the buildings, paintings, and other arts of Tibet, Mr. Chapman bestows much praise, and his accounts and photographs of the Potala and the rest are so good as to make one wish that they were still better, and very much fuller than the scope of the present book permits.

Mrs. Henry Sidgwick: A Memoir. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 12s. 6d.

The great Mrs. Sidgwick, "Not only the ablest *woman*, but one of the ablest *persons*, in England during her lifetime"—died in 1936 at the age of 91. Lord Balfour's sister, wife of Henry Sidgwick, her own achievement perhaps exceeds that of either. She, more than any single person, has made Newnham College what it is at present; and the history of women's education in Cambridge is the history of a social revolution. Austere, Scotch, conservative, Mrs. Sidgwick did not like the Suffragettes. Her talent was for consolidation. Her financial ability, and many gifts from her own income, made the building of Newnham possible. Her love for pure science led her, as its Mistress, to take in her special care the endowment of research studentships and fellowships. Mrs. Sidgwick was a real Don. It was never her intention to construct a mere training college for teachers. Less generally known is her long association with the Society for Psychical Research. Together with Henry Sidgwick, she was among the first to undertake the impartial investigation of psychic phenomena, and after the death of her husband she became President of the Society. The careful exposure of one fraudulent medium after another never deterred her. One can well believe that her disinterested scrutiny was hard to get past. Mme. Blavatski herself (who had cigarette ash in the frills of her skirt) was dismissed as a charming impostor. To the last Mrs. Sidgwick regarded survival after death, in which she herself came slowly to believe, as not proven. Her life reads like the official biography of a queen. There is no record of human frailties, because she had none; unless her notorious lack of small-talk can be so termed. Mrs. Sidgwick was throughout her life the grandest of the great women who characterised her period.

Week-end Competitions

No. 461

Set by Raymond Postgate

Before the war, there was a family which had a small collection of overblown romantic phrases which had passed the dividing line into absurdity. I remember three, all alleged to have been taken from *Daily Mail* serials:

His hand was cold, like that of a snake.

He paced the room, his hands behind his back, reading a newspaper. "Ha, ha," said he, speaking in Spanish.

The usual prizes are offered for equally absurd extracts. They must be authentic (source must be indicated) and they must owe their absurdity to an effort to be impressive in one way or another. The works of Mrs. Amanda M'Kittrick Ros are *hors concours* and extracts from them will not be given prizes.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Jan. 6th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 458

Set by L. W. Bailey

Suppose that Mr. Chamberlain is found murdered in the lobbies of the House of Commons, and suspicion falls equally on Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden and Mr. Gallacher. The usual prizes are offered for the best discussion of the problem (in not more than 300 words) between one of the following couples: Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson; Poirot and Hastings; Lord Peter Wimsey and Bunter; Nigel Strangeways and Georgia; Mr. and Mrs. A. (from "The Ascent of F.6"); Bertie Wooster and Jeeves. Competitors may use their imagination in the invention of details and circumstantial evidence.

Report by L. W. Bailey

"Would you deduce the nature of the instrument used?"

"Definitely blunt, my lord."

Most competitors agreed with R. S. Jaffray on this point. The famous umbrella was the obvious weapon, but there were other ingenious suggestions, notably strangling with red tape (G. W. H.) and a poisoned nettle (J. J. E.). There was less unanimity about the identity of the culprit and, apart from the three suspects named, murderers included Miss Wilkinson, Sir John Anderson, Mussolini and Jeeves himself. Frank Adams was brazen:

"Bunter, I've just remembered something. Have you read this week's *New Statesman?*"

"My lord!" said Mr. Bunter, pained.

"The competition!" carolled Wimsey. "That's it! Our friend Bailey planned the whole thing should really happen. Megalomania. Got into the lobbies somehow, and—*ecce cadaver.*"

In self-defence I must point out that this competition was not inspired by political malice, and entries which attempted to curry favour by expressing a macabre cheerfulness over the tragedy were disqualified. E. Davies, who started well ("It would appear, sir," said Jeeves, applying a thin film of soap to my A.R.P. nosewear. . . .") made Bertie rejoice in a manner quite inimical to the Code of the Woosters. "Yellowshirt" was more in character:

"Mr. Gallacher, sir, is anticipating arrest for the murder of the Prime Minister which took place last night, sir."

"Poor old Baldwin," I said—rather decently, I thought.

The choice of characters was surprising. More than half the entrants chose Jeeves, and most of the rest Holmes and Wimsey. The only Auden was commonplace, and I was disappointed to find no Nicholas Blakes. I had hoped competitors would see the possibilities of this writer being led astray by the political prejudices of his *alter ego*. The Wodehouse verbal felicities produced the most amusing entries. Jeeves' sartorial particularities were emphasised:

"Have you noticed, sir, how Mr. Chamberlain dresses—used to dress, I should say?"

"Can't say I did, much. Not so frightfully as old Baldwin, anyway."

Jeeves shuddered and a look of pain wrinkled his forehead.

"I made a point, sir, of never looking below Mr. Baldwin's chin."

(William Bliss).

The final choice was difficult. Most entries reached a high level of ingenuity and wit, but successful parody was rarer. J. J. E. (the only Poirot) was brilliant, but spoiled his chances with an atrocious pun. J. C. B. Date (who made Mr. Churchill go off in his victim's hat), Alan R. Thomas, L. V. Upward, Frank Adams, A. K. Milne and R. S. Jaffray were all well in the running. I recommend that the First Prize go to "H. T. S.," and the Second Prize to Kate Blackie.

FIRST PRIZE

(EXTRACT FROM "THE GREAT CHAMBERLAIN MYSTERY")

"Oh, Jeeves!" I said.

"Sir?"

"Rather rotten this business of poor old Nev., what?"

"Extremely distressing, sir."

"Yes, Jeeves, and the sooner they bung Comrade Gallacher into the Bastille the better it will be for coves like myself who are not yet anxious to make the Great Change."

"Are you not a little premature, sir, in assuming it was Mr. Gallacher who assassinated Mr. Chamberlain?"

I stared at the man.

"You are not, I hope, Jeeves," I said coldly, "going to suggest that Tony Eden, who is an Old Etonian, massacred old Chamberlain."

"Most certainly not, sir. But it does not follow that the murder was committed by Mr. Gallacher."

"But, dash it, the gendarmes found a revolver and a dagger on Comrade Gallacher's person when they arrested him."

"I fear, sir, that far too much importance has been attached to the discovery of these lethal weapons. It may have been Mr. Gallacher's practice to display these weapons in order to impress upon the more simple-minded of his constituents the ruthlessness of his outlook on life."

"Jeeves, you will be telling me next that the P.M. committed suicide."

"No, sir. But Mr. Churchill's part in the affair appears to have been overlooked. He was seen in the Lobby less than two minutes before the alarm was raised. Mr. Churchill, sir, has never forgiven Mr. Chamberlain for his part in *l'affaire Sandys*. His nature is somewhat hard and intolerant, and at times he is not averse to violence. Possibly you will recall, sir, the incident at Harrow when he pushed Mr. Amery into the swimming pool——."

"I believe you are right, Jeeves," I said gravely, "Fellows who have been to Harrow invariably lack *politesse*, if that's the word I want."

"Exactly, sir." "H. T. S."

SECOND PRIZE

(FROM "THE MYSTERY OF THE HUMAN HAIR.")

". . . I am convinced," said I, "that Mr. Gallacher is the culprit."

Holmes drew forth a little packet from his pocket.

"Do you know what this is, Watson?"

"It looks like a human hair."

"It is a human hair. You remember the peculiar smell of hair-oil on the dead body?"

"But Mr. Chamberlain never used hair-oil!"

"Exactly. That is why the smell was peculiar. The fact interested me at the time. Then I discovered three hairs in the Prime Minister's right fist, obviously clutched from the murderer's head during the death-struggle. Now I have evidence that neither Mr. Churchill nor Mr. Gallacher uses hair-oil. Mr. Churchill has little need of it, and Mr. Gallacher, despite the prejudices which you, Watson, entertain for his particular political party, has a cat-like love of personal cleanliness almost equal to my own. There remains Mr. Eden."

"Impossible!" I cried. "Mr. Eden was in America!"

"Admirable!" he said. "The case *is* impossible as I state it. Can you suggest any fallacy?"

"He flew to England and back on a solo flight?"

"In one day? Come, come, Watson, that is starkly incredible. We know that he was in America on the 18th and 20th of this month. The Prime Minister was murdered, you may remember, on the 19th."

"I confess the problem baffles me completely."

For answer he handed me the following newspaper headline:

BETTER-LOOKING THAN CLARK GABLE.

"I did not know that you were interested in film-stars," I ventured.

"You are right, Watson. Beyond the facts that Mr. Gable smokes my own brand of shag and impersonated Mr. Eden while the latter was murdering the Prime Minister, I have no interest in them whatsoever. And now will you ask Mrs. Hudson to bring us more muffins. . . ."

KATE BLACKIE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 313.—BRIDGE IN THE BOARDROOM

A Banker invited four friends—a Butcher, a Baker, a Beaver and a Bellman—to Bridge in the Boardroom of the Bank.

Each pair played one rubber against each of the other pairs. Payment was in Boobles, and money changed hands after each rubber. On no two rubbers was the amount which changed hands the same.

The Beaver pocketed 80 Boobles, having won every rubber in which he participated. The Bellman was at one time 80 Boobles to the good, but he subsequently lost 21 Boobles. The Butcher lost 48 Boobles.

The Baker lost the largest possible number of Boobles consistent with the above data.

How much was won or lost by the Banker?

PROBLEM 311.—MY DEAR, *Too* DOTTY

Solution by F. E. Maitland.

Dotty suggests a decimal point, and two in seven provides the clue. $\frac{2}{7} = \cdot\dot{2}8571\dot{4}$, and taking the letters in the order of these decimals, we get, by the process of elimination

NICE PEOPLE AVOID VULGAR FRACTIONS.

PROBLEM 309.—FORM FOURS

I hope to announce awards next week. CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

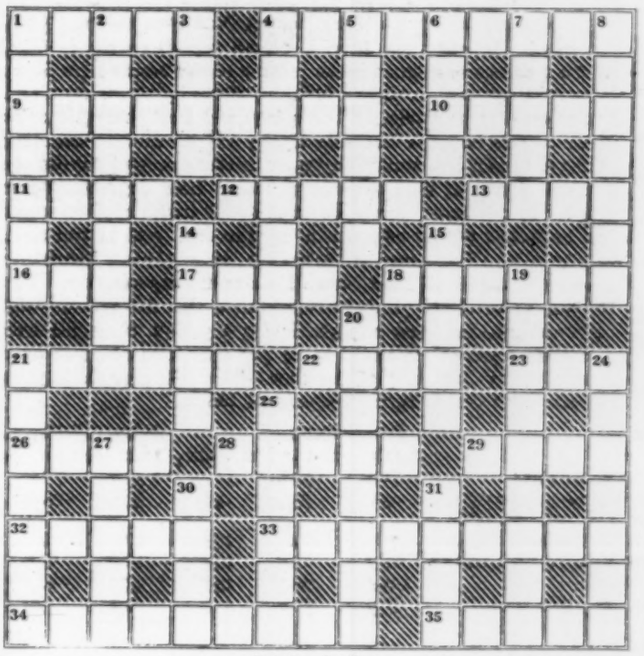
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 460

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss F. Garden, Conduit Head, Madingley Road, Cambridge.

ACROSS.

1. Regal composer. (5)
4. See 12, 4 down and 24. (9)
9. Musical fetter (9)
10. It's naturally higher as it were. (5)
11. What to do when the sob stuff is played. (4)
12. With 14 and 19 might be instrumental in forming 4 across. (5)
13 (rev.). Painful music might put this on the musician's ear. (4)
16 (rev.). These masters do not take pupils (3).
17. Put a melody back. (4)
18. Grouped as 9s sometimes are. (6)
21. Speedy return. (6)
22. Some of 20 in church at services. (4)
23 (rev.). See 28. (3)
26. It has a stricken sound. (4)
28. When quoted for entertainment usually includes 23. (5)
29. The violinist does not 35 to make this note. (4)
32. Kubelik encouraged it in parts. (5)
33. Not a small one of 12 in the 4. (9)
34. Timely numbers. (9)
35. Where musicians find critique-al remarks about themselves. (5)

DOWN.

1. How the violinist got himself into the first rank? (7)
2. Not sung before meals. (9)
3. Musical, etc. (4)
4. Work for 20 and 4 across. (8)
5. One of the Old English musical graces. (6)
6. He published the Elizabethans' madrigals. (7)
7. "They learn in suffering what they — in song." (5)
8. Do a bit of handwork on approval. (7)
14. Hung up in Babylon. (5)
15. Singers who do not necessarily 3. (5)
19. See 12 (9).
20. Invisible in verse. (8)
21. You'll think me an angel to come back like this. (7)
24. Preliminary bowing and scraping of 4 across perhaps. (7)
25. Quick! the others in the post office. (6)
27. Does one beat it to hot up the music? (5)
30. Invariably takes part in the concert. (4)
31. With some players gets put out. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

L	O	R	D	N	E	L	S	O	N	■	C	A	T	O
A	■	E	■	A	■	C	■	S	■	S	■	L	■	C
S	A	D	D	U	C	E	E	S	■	A	L	I	C	E
T	■	■	■	P	■	R	■	I	■	M	■	■	■	A
N	E	V	I	L	L	E	■	C	A	P	T	A	I	N
I	■	A	■	I	■	D	■	L	■	L	■	L	■	■
G	I	L	P	I	N	■	■	E	Z	E	K	I	E	L
H	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	U	■	■
T	I	T	A	N	I	A	■	■	B	A	R	N	U	M
■	■	■	■	I	■	N	■	U	■	L	■	■	■	B
S	T	A	N	L	E	Y	■	P	A	T	M	O	R	E
O	■	W	■	R	■	W	■	H	■	H	■	N	■	R
B	L	A	K	E	■	I	N	I	L	O	S	S	U	M
E	■	K	■	M	■	S	■	L	■	R	■	E	■	A
R	E	E	D	■	W	E	L	L	I	N	G	T	O	N

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

RATHER surprisingly, prices were somewhat firmer on the Stock Exchange when business was resumed this week. With the new Franco-Italian crisis I cannot foresee very cheerful conditions in the immediate future. And looking back over the past year, the Stock Exchange has been a dismal repository for savings. In the past twelve months home railway equity stocks have fallen by over 50 per cent., coal and building shares by 25 per cent. and 23 per cent. respectively, and even iron and steel shares, in spite of the current boom in that industry, by 21½ per cent. According to the Actuaries Investment Index an investment fund distributed over all classes of industrial shares would have depreciated last year by 17 per cent. Even shares in stable trades such as stores and breweries fell by as much as 15 per cent. and 18 per cent. respectively. The most stable group in 1938 was electricity supply shares, which have shown little or no depreciation. The increase in dividend yields consequent on this fall in industrial equity shares has been remarkable for a period when the true rate of interest, as expressed in 2½ per cent. Consols, rose only from 3.36 per cent. to 3.56 per cent. The following table gives extracts from the Actuaries Investment Index:

	Price Indices.		%	Average Yields, %.	
	21.12.37.	20.12.38.	Decline.	21.12.37.	20.12.38.
Home Rails ..	71.2	34.6	51.4	3.05	**
Stores and Catering	64.1	54.5	15.0	4.36	6.11
Breweries and Distilleries	133.3	109.4	17.9	4.68	6.02
Building Materials	88.7	67.9	23.4	6.09	8.07
Coal	105.4	78.3	25.7	4.54	6.77
Iron and Steel ..	65.9	51.7	21.5	6.04	7.91
Industrials (all classes combined)	73.8	61.1	17.2	4.90	6.15

** Dividends for 1938 will probably be passed.

Have the present high dividend yields sufficiently discounted the trade recession? They are based, of course, on dividends declared in 1938 which have not yet fully expressed the decline in current earnings, but it is something that the trade recession has not made further headway in recent months. Is this the prelude to a turn upwards or downwards? The answer depends on two factors—European politics and the progress of recovery in the United States.

* * *

In Wall Street the somewhat unthinking optimism with which the market greeted the New Dealers' setback in the Congressional elections has given place to a disposition to look cautiously at the mixed factors in the business situation. Considering that between April 1st and November 12th the Dow Jones index of industrial securities rose, almost uninterruptedly, from under 99 to over 158, and that during recent weeks the usual heavy liquidation for tax purposes has had to be absorbed, the present market pause, during which the industrials' index has slipped back to just over 151 is not surprising. In so far as the economic background is concerned, 1938 has been a year of swift recovery in the United States, following a short but severe depression. Between May, 1937, and May, 1938, the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial activity had declined from 118 to 76. By November it had climbed to 103, with 104 forecast for December. The extent to which production and commerce have revived is impressive, and there is an encouraging absence of any signs of growth of inventories. The question throughout has been whether capital investment on private account can be relied on to replace "pump-priming" when, as seems likely, the new Congress strengthens the resistance of Mr. Secretary Morgenthau to the unrepentant New Dealers' work schemes. The answer is not yet forthcoming. The indices of house-building and constructional engineering—thanks largely, of course, to Treasury grants—have risen satisfactorily, but relations between the utility companies and the Administration are still too strained for much-needed re-equipment contracts to be placed yet on a big scale. The position of the railways has greatly improved; if they get the American version of the British railways' "square deal" recommended by the President's Informal Programme Committee, steel makers and other equipment manufacturers should ultimately enjoy orders long deferred. It would be unrealistic to expect the tempo of the past nine months' rally to be sustained over the coming year; but, politics (international and White House) apart, the outlook for America appears reasonably promising.

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NEW STATESMAN PAMPHLET

Fascism Democracy and the Press

By KINGSLEY MARTIN

(Editor of *The New Statesman and Nation*)

This Pamphlet clarifies the issues in the present controversy about the Freedom of the Press.

The Manchester Guardian, in a leader, says: "A useful and detailed survey of the present need for informed vigilance. The later pages of this survey will be of special value to those who want to know exactly how we stand in the matter of definitely legal restrictions. The history here given of the three statutes of 1889, 1911 and 1920, and of cases brought under the last two, shows unmistakably that we have advanced beyond the original intention to prevent espionage and the disclosure by officials of confidential information contrary to public safety. The battle for the limitation of those entirely new interrogatory powers under Section 6 of the 1920 Act is still in progress. Anyone who is still uncertain what the battle is about can consult this pamphlet with profit."

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All seats reserved. Tickets: 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 9d. (inc. tax) from "RUSSIA TO-DAY," 8 Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

PERSONAL

GERMAN for Beginners, Readers of Poetry, Scientists. Write DR. WALDE, 167 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

OUT-OF-WORKS may join free Community Home Lady Margaret's, Doddington, Kent.

FOR PRIVATE WINTER SPORTS PARTY to the GRISONS district, February, see under "Holiday Suggestions."

I AM sorry if you tried to get my Christmas cards and couldn't see or buy them; you could have got them or samples by return and so could your stationer; still, I shall be doing them in 1939 with additions to the range. I am specialising to a certain extent in child and advertisement photography in the New Year, so if you have a child you would like to be photographed in an unsentimental way or want any advertising photographs or ideas, ring WEL 4950 to make a personal appointment with ANTHONY PANTING, or CIT 4175 to leave a message to be delivered to 5 Paddington Street, W.1.

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★ ONE WORD: Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans, Ashton-under-Lyne, Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street, 24 Broadway

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NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL, Sat., Dec. 31st. Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket, W. Dancing 8 till 2 a.m. Tickets: single 3s. 6d., double 6s. 6d., from "RUSSIA TO-DAY," 8 Red Lion Sq., W.C.1 (Hol. 2855)—Colletts, 66 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

F.P.S.I. CONFERENCE ON EDUCATION FOR WORLD CITIZENSHIP, at Highleigh, Hoddesdon, Friday, Jan. 6th, to Monday, Jan. 9th. Sir E. Simon: "A Liberal Ideal of Education." W. B. Curry: "Freedom and Self-Government in Schools." J. D. Bernal: "A Marxist View of Secondary and University Education." John Katz: "Education of the Will to World Civilisation," a Symposium on the Teaching of Civics. Friday to Monday: 28*s.* members, 32*s.* non-members. Saturday to Monday: 20*s.* members, 24*s.* non-members. Apply F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1. (Mus. 6975).

F.P.S.I. W. B. CURRY on "EDUCATION AND THE LIBERAL TRADITION," Wednesday, January 4th, at 8 p.m., at the large Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Tickets: Members, 6*d.*; non-Members, 1*s.* From HON. SECRETARY, F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, January 1st, at 11 a.m., MR. BLACKHAM: "UNPROFITABLE SERVANTS." 6.30 p.m., DR. C. W. SALEEBY: "WHAT CAN *We* DO TO SAVE THE WORLD IN THIS NEW YEAR?"

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, January 1st, at 11 a.m., JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES: "PROSPECTS FOR REASON IN 1939." Admission free. Visitors welcome.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

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